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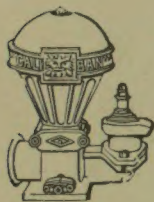
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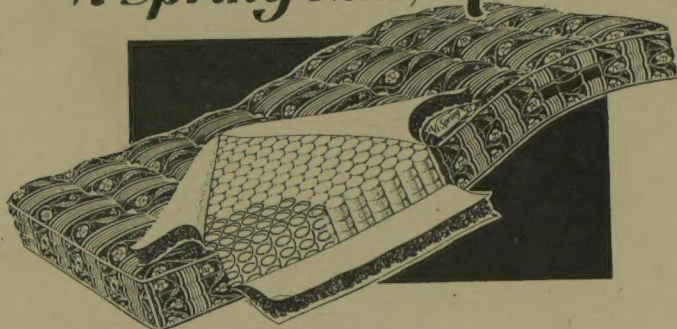
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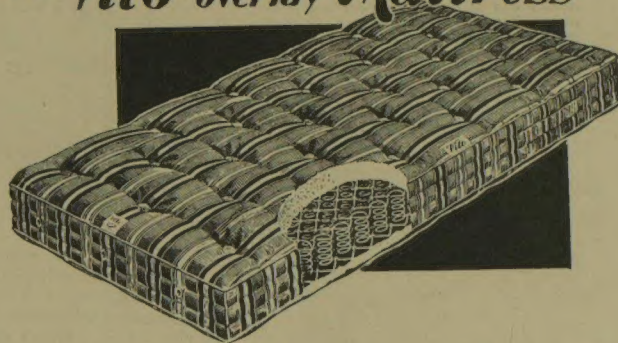
Vi-Spring Products Ltd. London, N.W.10.

The 'Vi-Spring' overlay Mattress



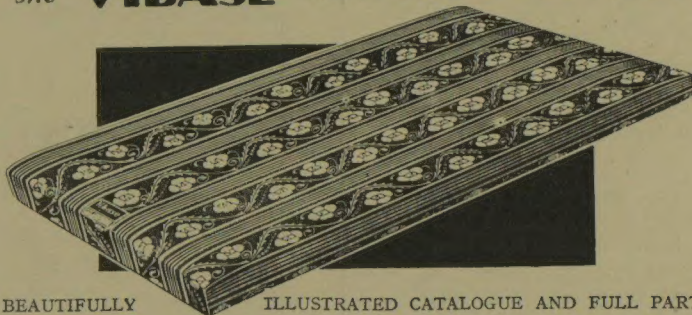
'Vi-Spring' products are sold and recommended by all reliable house furnishers because they are made by manufacturers with a reputation of 30 years' standing as makers of the most luxurious and highest class mattresses in the World.

The 'Vito' overlay Mattress



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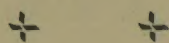
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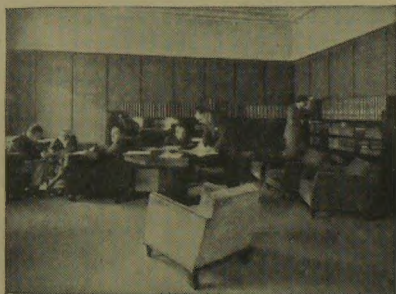
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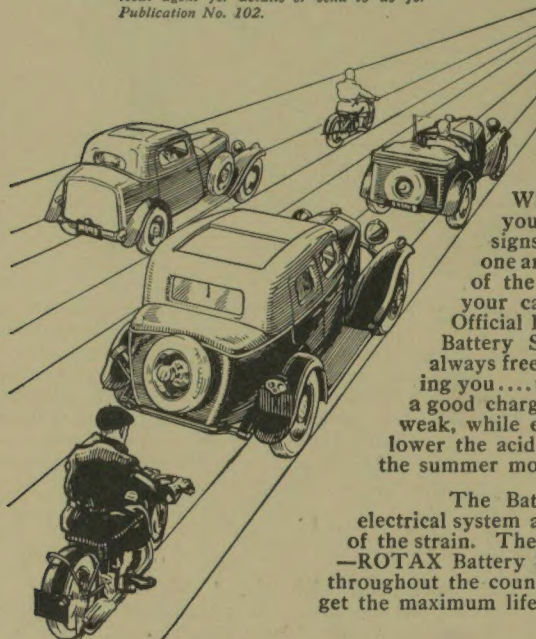
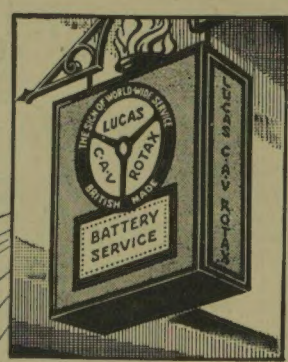
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1932.



THE FIRST OFFICIAL GERMAN RECOGNITION OF THE STAHLHELM: A GREAT RALLY IN BERLIN—THE MARCH-PAST BEFORE THE CHANCELLOR AND OTHER MINISTERS ON THE TEMPELHOFERFELD.

For the first time in its thirteen years of existence, the Stahlhelm (Steel Helmet organisation), founded by Herr Franz Seldte, of Magdeburg, received official recognition at its great rally held on Sunday, September 4, in Berlin. The Government was represented by Herr von Papen, the Chancellor; General von Schleicher, Defence Minister; and Baron von Gayl, Minister of the Interior; while among those present were the ex-Crown Prince and other members of the House of Hohenzollern. It was suggested that President von Hindenburg himself might

have attended the rally, but for the fact that the Stahlhelm had put forward a candidate against him in the Presidential election, in the person of Colonel Düsterberg, Second Leader of the Stahlhelm. Nevertheless, the President remains patron of the association. After the parade of the 150,000 Stahlhelmers on the Tempelhoferfeld, once the scene of Imperial reviews and now the airport of Berlin, there was a march-past before Herr Seldte, Herr von Papen, and General von Schleicher. Further photographs of the occasion appear on page 369.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME newspapers are reviving the dear old romances about poor men who became rich, presumably as a consolation in these times, when even rich men have become poor. When I call them romances, I do not mean that they never happened, in the sense that no man ever began with little and accumulated much. But I mean that the whole method of presenting the story was romantic, and is, at this moment, narrowly, misleadingly and dangerously romantic. The very phrases used about the story were false, even when the story was true. As, for instance, when they said that Sir Abraham Smugg began with sixpence and "was worth six millions when he died." I reply firmly that he was not worth six millions, or even sixpence, when he died. This simple truth can be easily tested by supposing that you and I are asked to pay six millions, or to pay sixpence, solely in order to possess the dead body of Sir Abraham Smugg; to keep it stuffed in a glass case in our drawing-room or embalmed like a mummy in the front hall. Indeed, there is a grim irony about the idiom we have come to use in talking of a man being himself "worth" so much. It is a mark of the materialistic and servile spirit in the whole social process that language has been twisted to refer to the property-owner as if he were merely the property. The master himself is ticketed with a price like the slave; he is credited not so much with ownership as with value like that of a chattel; and the millionaire merchant ends by being treated like one of his own bales of cloth or bottles of whisky. But that is only a by-product of this very undesirable branch of production.

I call it undesirable, because I am convinced at this moment that our chief business is to understand and state the real argument against Communism; which stands in a very formidable and favourable position just after this eclipse of Capitalism. And the ridiculous ragged old romances, about the adventurous career of the millionaire, are not only an answer to Communism, but provoke the Communist to answering and provide him with an answer. It is no argument to say that one street-boy grew rich enough to own the street. It is an obvious answer that most of the street-boys remain wretchedly poor, because they cannot all own the street. We are all, I hope, chiefly interested in helping all gutter-boys through their life, and not only in congratulating one gutter-boy on his luck. Moreover, even those who tell the tale of the gutter-boy in a spirit of breathless

awe and admiration can seldom keep out of it the suggestion of a certain moral spirit which some of us are unable to admire. I have read many accounts of the pertinacity and enterprise of the boy who came to London with twopence in his pocket. And I grieve to say they have generally left me with a darkling suspicion that the twopence had recently been in somebody else's pocket. I should not object to this myself if it had been due to the mediaeval and superstitious practice of charity on the part of the former owner, but such a story of charity would be fatal to the peculiar fame and glory of the ultimate possessor. No, I was only too ready to believe that the boy owed everything to his own enterprise and ability.

men, do I believe for a moment that fortune favoured the only one of the bricklayers who was also a brick. Most human bricks are made of the same common clay: but the kind that can fit into all the corners of modern life is one that can not only be hard where a man ought to be soft, but can also be soft where a man ought to be solid. In any case, few are now so soft as to be stamped into the mud on the mere ground that some other remote and isolated brick has been made the head of the corner. The time for that sort of individualistic shuffling is past; and, unless we can offer some policy for dealing with the poor as a whole, we shall certainly not be saved by those personal plutocratic visions which may be called with great exactitude "the dreams of avarice."

If two blacks do not make a white, still less does one blackleg make a prosperous and popular Guild.

I have another motive for most warmly and earnestly warning all traditionalists against this trick. The traditions of England are not revolutionary; and I will disregard for the moment all ideas about making them egalitarian; about that ideal of reasonable equality which is called in politics Democracy, and in economics Distribution. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that we continue in social inequality, it is of instant and deadly importance that it should not be *this* sort of social inequality. I actually heard a man defend it once by saying that the guttersnipe would only be rich and powerful during his own life; that his influence could not last; that he could not found a family or start an aristocracy. He could do nothing so decent or so tolerable. If we are not to have human equality, based on all being



FIERY COMMUNIST INVECTIVE FROM THE CHAIR AT THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG: FRAU CLARA ZETKIN (PRESIDING TEMPORARILY AS SENIOR MEMBER) DELIVERING AN IMPASSIONED HARANGUE AGAINST THE UNIFORMED NAZIS (ON LEFT) AND THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT (REPRESENTED BY THE EMPTY BENCHES BEYOND).

At the opening of the new German Reichstag, on August 30, the veteran woman Communist, Frau Clara Zetkin (known as "Red Clara"), who had travelled specially from Moscow, took the chair at first as senior Deputy. Old and ill, she was almost lifted up the steps to the tribune by two stalwart women Communists. She delivered a violent revolutionary harangue against the Government, the Nazis, and the Socialists. The Government seats on her right were empty, but below them sat the 230 Nazi Deputies, all in their uniforms. Throughout her diatribe they remained calm, to avoid disorders that might strengthen any suggestion by the Government that the Reichstag was unworkable. Overcoming her infirmities, Frau Zetkin spoke for nearly an hour. The House elected as its President the Nazi candidate, Captain Göring, the last leader of Richthofen's famous "circus." Frau Zetkin, again supported by women colleagues, then departed. A portrait of her, with Lenin's widow, was given in our issue of August 20, and another appears on page 374 of the present number.

Anyhow, whether or no the foundations of the fortune were laid in this bold and picturesque fashion, it always seemed to me that the career of the hero, especially in its earlier parts, was full of incidents which I should like to have heard recounted also by the other persons who figured in them. I had a strong feeling that nobody else, except the Fortunate Child, was making a fortune. And I rather think that this economic truth has begun to dawn even on the simplest of the simple race that reads everything in the newspapers. I fear it will be more difficult, in the future, to soothe seven thousand starving bricklayers by telling them that one of the least popular and pleasing of their large fraternity did actually leave off starving when he was too rich to be a bricklayer. Nor, from my own ordinary experience of

human, then the next best thing is a leisured and liberal class with some chance of growing up humane. It is better than being governed despotically by alternate gutter-boys who never grow up at all. It is better than fermenting for ever in the first worst stage of new wealth, as unwholesome as new wine. It is better than being ruled by money marked with all the curses of where it comes from, and never cleansed with any of the cultural environments of where it goes to. I myself should prefer to meet the onslaught of Bolshevism in that square formation which I know is the strongest: the formation of the peasants and the guildsmen. But it would be better to be led by knights and nobles than by much wealthier camp-followers, whose own highest boast is that they have long been laden with loot.

THE STAHLHELM RALLY IN BERLIN: ROYAL AND OTHER PERSONALITIES PRESENT.



HOHENZOLLERN ROYALTIES AT THE 13TH ANNUAL STAHLHELM PARADE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, BEGINNING AT THE 4TH FIGURE FROM RIGHT) PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH, PRINCE WILHELM (THE EX-CROWN PRINCE'S SON), AND PRINCE OSCAR.

CHIEFS
OF THE
STAHLHELM:
(L. TO R.)
HERR FRANZ
VON
STEPHANI,
HERR FRANZ
SELDTE
(FOUNDER
AND LEADER),
AND COLONEL
DÜSTERBERG
(SECOND
LEADER),
AFTER AN
INSPECTION.



A FORCE THAT
SWORE TO
"STAND
TOGETHER LIKE
IRON AND STEEL
AGAINST THE
ENEMIES OF
THE FATHER-
LAND": PART
OF THE GREAT
PARADE OF
150,000
STAHLHELMERS
ASSEMBLED ON
THE TEMPEL-
HOFERFELD AT
BERLIN,
SALUTING
THEIR LEADER.



THE CHANCELLOR, HERR VON PAPEN (IN CIVILIAN DRESS), AND GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER, DEFENCE MINISTER (CENTRE), AT THE STAHLHELM PARADE.

As noted on our front page, the thirteenth anniversary of the Stahlhelm, the great organisation of German ex-Service men, was celebrated in Berlin on September 4 by a rally of 150,000 men held on the Tempelhoferfeld, and for the first time it received official Government recognition, by the presence of the Chancellor, Herr von Papen, and the Defence Minister, General von Schleicher. It was also attended by several Hohenzollern Princes, of the former reigning house, among them the ex-Crown Prince, besides high officers of the old Imperial Army, including Field-Marshal von Mackensen, and of the Reichswehr. The Stahlhelm, it may be recalled, was founded and built up by Herr Franz Seldte,



HOHENZOLLERNS AT A STAHLHELM DEMONSTRATION: THE EX-CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH, PRINCESS OSCAR, AND PRINCE OSCAR (LEFT TO RIGHT).

an ex-officer, and a manufacturer, of Magdeburg. Its Second Leader is Colonel Düsterberg, who was a candidate in the Presidential election. Under Dr. Brüning's Government it was forbidden to wear uniforms, along with other military associations. For the recent rally 150,000 Stahlhelmers assembled from all parts of Germany, and the parade was an impressive sight. Herr Seldte called on them to swear "to stand together like iron and steel against the enemies of the Fatherland," and "to be true to the last breath to the black, white, and red banner" (the old Imperial colours). In response they shouted "We swear it!" There is rivalry between the Stahlhelm and Herr Hitler's Nazis.

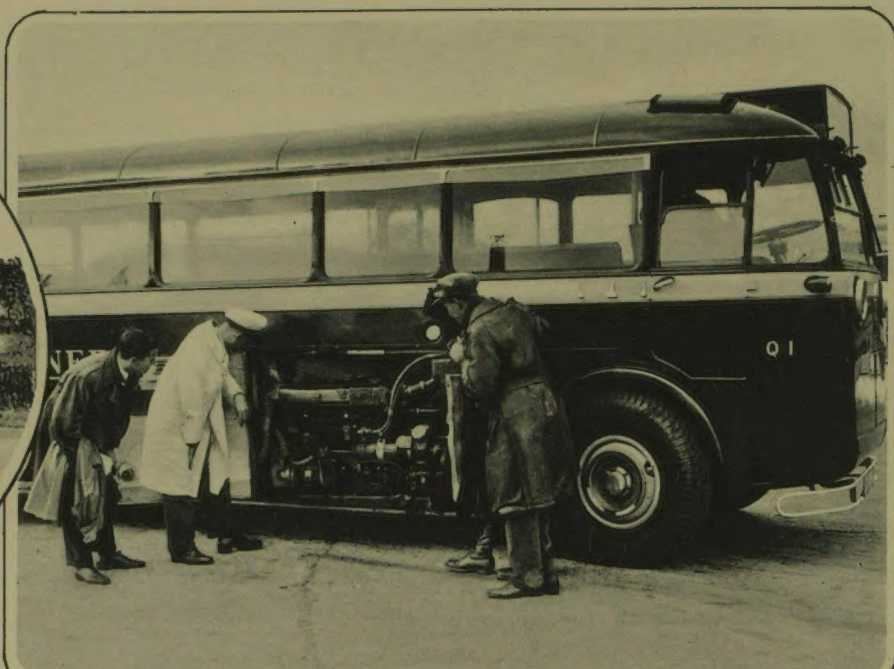
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



A NEW TYPE OF OMNIBUS RECENTLY PUT INTO EXPERIMENTAL OPERATION IN LONDON: "Q1," BONNETLESS, WITH THE ENGINE AT THE SIDE.

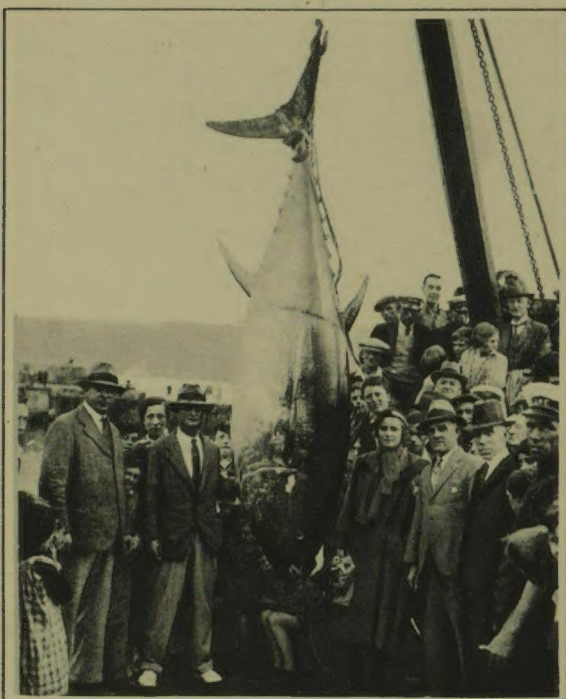
It was announced on Sept. 3 that the London General Omnibus Company would put into experimental service between Liverpool Street and Hammersmith a new type of single-deck vehicle known as the "Q1." The new omnibus has been designed to increase seating capacity in the single-deck vehicle, and

[Continued opposite.]



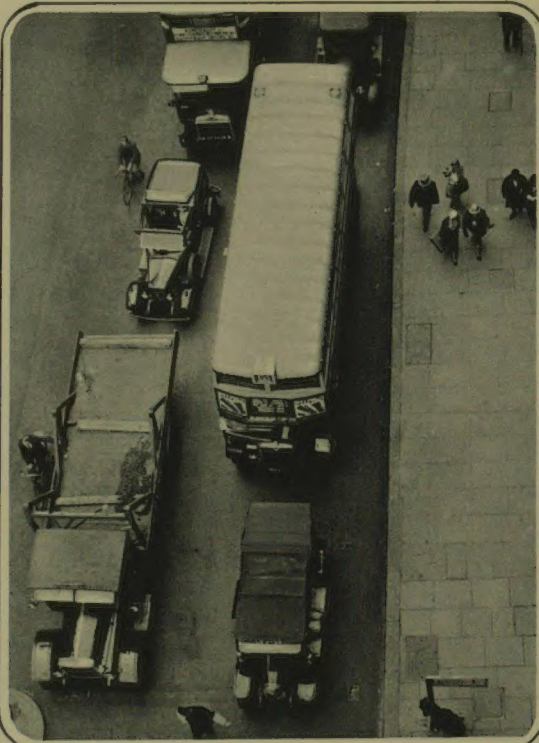
THE NEW L.G.O.C. EXPERIMENTAL BUS, IN WHICH, BY ABANDONING THE BONNET, MORE PASSENGERS ARE ACCOMMODATED: THE ENGINE OF THE BUS UNCOVERED.

in its experimental stage it will seat 35 passengers—or three more than the usual single-deck type. It has no bonnet, and consequently has something of the appearance of the locomotive of an electric train seen from in front. The engine, as our illustration shows, is housed under three panels on the off-side of the bus, near the front wheel.



THE WORLD'S RECORD TUNNY: COLONEL PEEL WITH HIS 798-LB. FISH CAUGHT OFF SCARBOROUGH.

Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Peel landed at Scarborough on the night of August 30 the enormous tunny illustrated here. It measured 9 ft. 4 in. in length, with a girth of 6 ft. 6 in., and weighed 798 lb. Some extremely interesting pictures of tunny-fishing by our special artist will be found on pages 371, 372 and 373.



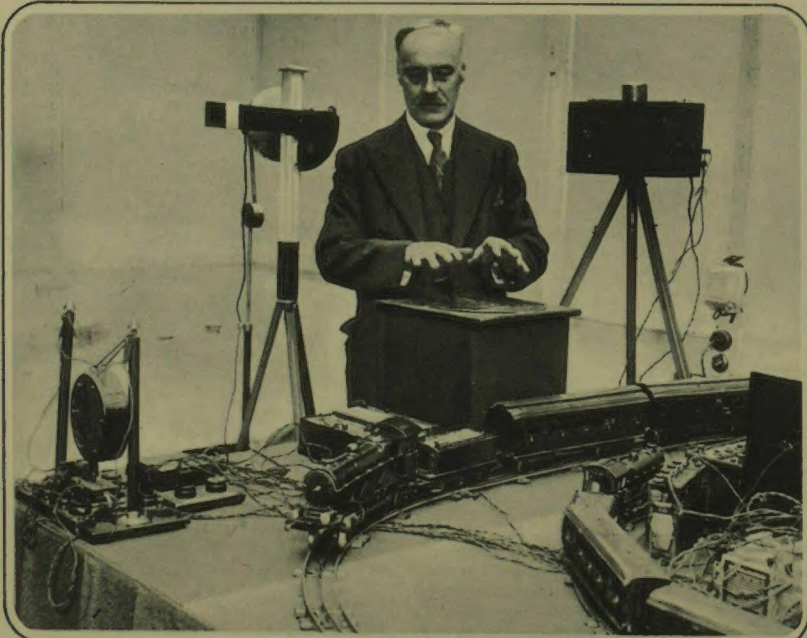
A NEW LONDON BUS SEEN FROM ABOVE, BESIDE A LORRY, TAXI, AND CAR, INDICATING ITS GREAT LENGTH.

We reproduce here a remarkable photograph of one of the enormous omnibuses now run by the London General Omnibus Company, seen from above, and allowing a comparison in size to be made with a taxicab, a lorry, and a private car. This 'bus is 27 ft. 3 in. long, and seats 60 passengers in all.



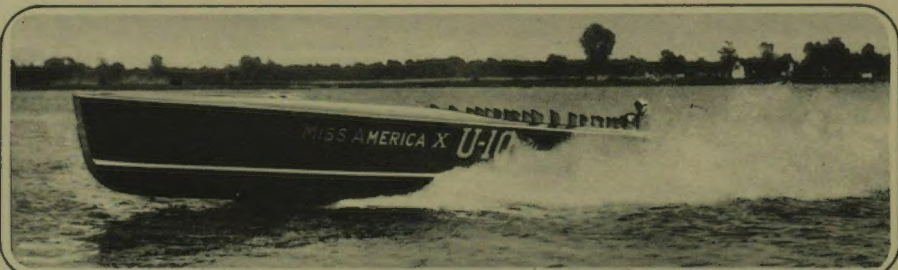
A QUAIN OLD LONDON CHURCH REVEALED: PULLING DOWN THE SHOPS IN FRONT OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S, BISHOPSGATE.

Until recently nothing of the quaint little church of St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate could be seen from the road but a bit of the west wall and a small turret—since shops had been built in front of it. Now, however, the shops are being pulled down. One of the smallest of the London churches, St. Ethelburga's dates from the fourteenth century.



A WONDER OF THE MODEL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION: MAJOR PHILLIPS CONTROLLING TWO MODEL ELECTRIC TRAINS BY HIS "RADIO PSYCHROMETER."

We illustrate here one of the most interesting things to be seen at the Model Engineering Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall. The "Radio Psychrometer," a black box with a copper plate over it, controls two model electric railway trains. The trains can also be moved under the control of light rays through green and red signals and also, it is stated, of wireless waves. A wonder indeed!



THE WINNING BOAT IN THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-BOT TROPHY CONTEST AT DETROIT: "MISS AMERICA X" AT HIGH SPEED.

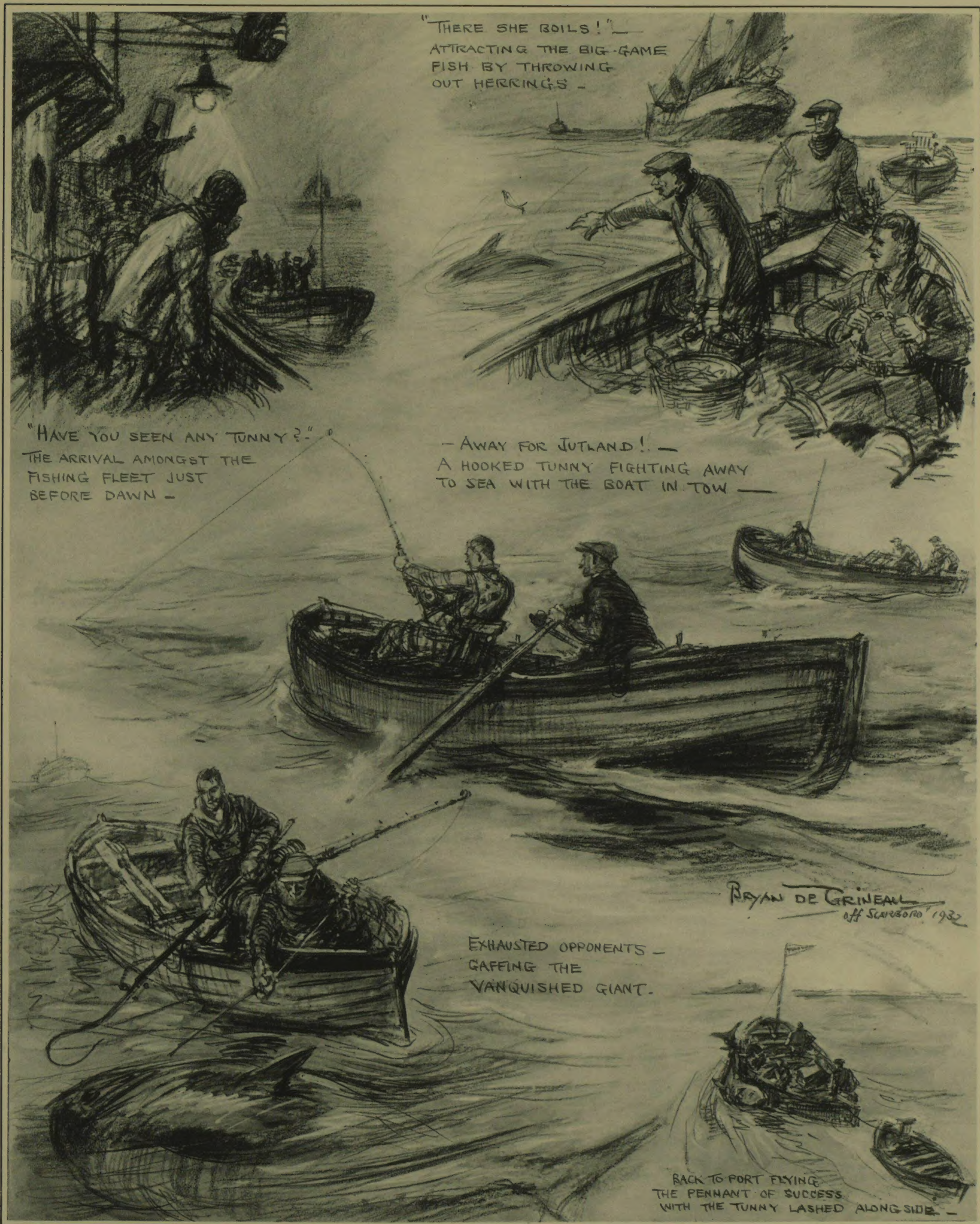


THE ENGLISH MOTOR-BOT WHICH WAS BEATEN BY COMMODORE GAR WOOD'S "MISS AMERICA" AT DETROIT: MR. KAYE DON IN "MISS ENGLAND III."

After having defeated Mr. Kaye Don in the first race for the International Trophy at Detroit, Commodore Gar Wood repeated his victory in the second race on Sept. 5, thereby winning the trophy. "Miss England III's" engines stopped completely towards the end of the second lap, and eventually she had to be towed to the boat-house. Mr. Kaye Don later reported to the Race Committee that he had had engine trouble. Photographs of Commodore Gar Wood and Mr. Kaye Don appear on our Personalities page.

A DAY WITH BRITAIN'S BIG-GAME FISH: ANGLING FOR TUNNY.

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, BY COURTESY OF MR. HAROLD J. HARDY.



FROM ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE TO RETURN WITH THE CATCH: INCIDENTS OF A TUNNY-FISHERMAN'S DAY.

A typical tunny-angler's day, assuming the herring fleet are working within ten miles of Scarborough, would begin some three hours before daylight, to enable him to reach these boats in good time. A supply of herrings for use as bait can be obtained from the drifters at sea. On reaching a herring-boat, enquiries are made as to whether tunny have been seen, and some herrings are thrown overboard. Tunny feed on these, and if present will come at those thrown into the water, showing their fins or part of their bodies, or creating an enormous "boil." The fish are close to the boat and plainly visible in all their beautiful shape and colouring—a most stirring sight. The angler, who has already donned his harness, pushes off into the row-boat, fixes his rod to the socket and his harness, and baits his hook with a herring. This is dropped into the sea, when, if his luck is in, he quickly gets a fish. This is the most spectacular part, as,

once hooked, the tunny keeps under water. The giant fish puts up a terrific endurance battle, and the fight may last for several hours. The fish dashes about in all directions, and, should the line get under the boat, or its head towards the fishing fleet, one will soon have the disappointment of a broken line. The fish may eventually "sound" (go to the bottom), and a long and exhausting time awaits the angler before the conquered tunny is reeled up to the surface. Our artist went out with Mr. Harold J. Hardy, and Mr. F. Taylor, who caught last year's record British tunny of 735lb. (recently beaten by Colonel Peel), accompanied them in another coble. They found tunny about ten miles out, round the Dutch drifters, and Mr. Hardy hooked two in succession—eventually losing each one through bad luck. Mr. Taylor had better luck, and killed his fish after forty minutes' hard fight. Weather conditions were very bad.

BIG GAME FISHING IN BRITISH WATERS: HOOKING A GIANT TUNNY OFF SCARBOROUGH—AS OUR ARTIST SAW IT.

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST
BRYAN DE GRIMMAY, BY COURTESY OF MR. HAROLD J. HARDY.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE: MR. HAROLD HARDY HOOKING A BIG TUNNY

Since Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry's illustrated article on tunny-fishing in our last issue, interest therein has been renewed by the catch of a world's record 796-lb. fish off Scarborough (see page 370 of this number). The above drawing shows that well-known big-game angler, Mr. Harold J. Hardy, fishing in the same waters. He kindly took our artist out, thus enabling him to illustrate the sport from personal observation. In the foreground Mr. Hardy is seen hooking a monster fish, which is making a

tremendous "boll." Note the angler's special seat, and the "Hardy Zane Grey" tackle and harness he is using. In the left background is his attendant coble, with our artist on board, and beyond it a Dutch drifter, out from Scheveningen, hauling her nets. In the distance is Flamborough Head. Just to the right is a whale coming up after herring, and further to the right is Mr. F. Taylor's coble arriving. Tunny-fishing, Mr. Hardy pointed out, is not, as generally supposed, merely a rich man's recreation.

SHOWING ALSO A WHALE AND (LEFT) A DUTCH DRIFTER, WITH OUR ARTIST'S BOAT.

It may be enjoyed by men of moderate means. The cost for a day's fishing can be got down to £5 per day, or £26 a week. One thus obtains the services of three men, the use of a motor-coble, and a row-boat. Tackle can be bought for just under £60, or a cheaper outfit for £35, or it can be hired in the dearer outfit for £3 a day, £8 for three days, or £9 for six days. The cheaper outfit is hired out at half this price. The well-known angling specialists, Messrs. Hardy Bros., Ltd., of Alnwick, have

an office on the pier at Scarborough for the convenience of tunny-anglers. Tunny are usually found alongside herring-drifters when hauling their nets, taking the herrings which fall out; and, as this operation is usually over by daylight, the angler must be near these vessels before the sun rises. Trawlers also are good friends, when hauling their nets. The best time of year to fish is from the middle of August to late October, and late August and September are the best periods.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS GRAHAM-LITTLE.

Daughter of Sir Ernest Graham-Little, M.P. Lost her life while bathing at Little Bay, near Saltdean, Sussex. She was nineteen. The sea was very rough, and Miss Graham-Little soon got into difficulties. She was brought ashore and artificial respiration was tried in vain.



SIR R. CLAYTON EAST CLAYTON.

Well-known young explorer; died September 1, aged twenty-four. At the beginning of this year made an expedition to the Libyan Desert to discover the "lost" Zerzura Oasis. Photographs taken by this expedition appeared in our issue of July 23.



MR. E. VINCENT HARRIS, F.R.I.B.A.

The architect of the new Sheffield City Hall. This building, which is notable both for the originality and beauty of its conception, was illustrated in our last issue. Mr. Harris has had great experience in designing public halls.—(Portrait by Maurice Greiffenhagen.)



CAPTAIN GÖRING.

The German war-time airman and Nazi leader; was elected President of the Reichstag on August 30. He was authorised to summon the Reichstag at discretion and to fix the agenda, which gives him power to put a non-confidence motion to the vote.



MR. EDWIN GLASGOW.

H.M. Inspector of Schools; appointed Keeper of the National Gallery in succession to Mr. C. H. Collins Baker. Is an ardent amateur painter, and has exhibited in numerous galleries. Has been Inspector of Schools since 1909. Is fifty-seven.



THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO IN LONDON: MR. ANTON CERMAK WITH AN ENGLISH POLICEMAN.

The Mayor of Chicago, Mr. Anton J. Cermak, arrived in London on September 1, and left again for Ireland. Later he returned to London. He was on a tour of the European business capitals in order to interest business men in the forthcoming Chicago Exposition. He stated that every known criminal in Chicago was now safe in gaol.



PRINCESS ILEANA'S BABY HELD BY ITS GODFATHER, EX-KING ALFONSO, AT ITS CHRISTENING.

The christening took place in the Saint Othmar Roman Catholic church at Mödling, near Vienna, on August 30, of the infant son of the Archduke Anton of Austria-Tuscany and his wife, formerly Princess Ileana of Roumania. Ex-King Alfonso stood godfather, and Queen Elizabeth of Greece godmother, to the child.



THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK RESIGNS: MR. JAMES WALKER, WHO HAS OBJECTED TO "UNFAIR" PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. James Walker resigned his office as Mayor of New York on September 1. He issued a long statement in explanation of his action, which he said had been taken as a protest against the "unfairness" of the removal of the hearings before Governor Roosevelt. He said that he meant to seek vindication by running for re-election.



FRAU CLARA ZETKIN (LEFT), THE AGED COMMUNIST, ARRIVING FROM MOSCOW TO PRESIDE IN THE REICHSTAG.

The new German Reichstag opened on August 30, and Frau Clara Zetkin, who had come especially from Moscow to take the chair (temporarily, in virtue of seniority), entered the House amid shouts from her party. She delivered a violent attack on the Government, the Nazis, and the Socialists. (See illustration on page 368.)



MISS EARTHART AFTER BREAKING THE RECORD FOR A NON-STOP SOLO FLIGHT ACROSS THE UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Putnam (Miss Amelia Earhart), the first woman to fly alone across the Atlantic, set up another record for women flyers on August 25 by making a non-stop solo flight across the United States. She left Los Angeles at 4.47 p.m., and arrived at Newark, New Jersey, at 11.31. Her time was 19 hrs. 4 mins.



COMMODORE GAR WOOD (LEFT), THE WINNER OF THE MOTOR-BOT TROPHY AT DETROIT, WITH MR. KAYE DON.

Commodore Gar Wood, in "Miss America X," won the first race of the International Motor-Boat Trophy at Detroit on September 3 from Mr. Kaye Don in "Miss England III." On September 5 Commodore Gar Wood won the second race against Mr. Kaye Don, and America retained the International Motor-Boat Trophy.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COLONEL FAWCETT:

NEW LIGHT ON A SEVEN-YEARS-OLD MYSTERY OF EXPLORATION.

By **VINCENZO M. PETRULLO**, *Archaeologist during an Expedition to the Matto Grosso in Brazil.*

and *Ethnologist, for the Pennsylvania University Museum.*
(See Illustrations on Two Succeeding Pages.)

THAT Brazilian exploration challenges the utmost resources of civilised man is well attested by the long list of men who have lost their lives attempting it. The pages of its history are filled with accounts of valour, hardihood, and all that is good in mankind, but these pages often close with the mournful testimony that it has been of no avail. The hinterland continues to take its toll of human life, for every new section that is opened to civilisation. In recent years, with the disappearance of Colonel P. H. Fawcett and his two companions, one of whom was his son, another tragic chapter has been partly written. The last pages are blank, awaiting the revelation of the end of the story that no civilised man knows to-day.

Colonel Fawcett disappeared in the forest belt lying between the Kuluene river, which is a tributary of the upper Xingu and the Rio das Mortes, which flows into the Araguaya. Both the Xingu and the Araguaya are southern affluents of the Amazon. This area was totally unknown prior to August 1931, when, with an amphibian plane of the Matto Grosso Expedition, two flights were made over it, the writer being accompanied by Mr E. R. Fenimore Johnson as observer, Mr. Arthur P. Rossi as photographer, in addition to the crew of three men, with Mr. Charles Lorber as pilot. Nevertheless, our observations were of a preliminary nature, and tell us merely that the country is forested to the north and open to the south, that a supposed range of mountains does not exist, and that there are few streams flowing through it. We flew over the Sete de Setembro river, marking its course, but failed to locate any aboriginal villages, which must be well hidden in the forests. At several points we did sight smoke, but our limited supply of gasoline prevented us from



THE LOST EXPLORER WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE IN THE WILDS OF BRAZIL IN 1925, WITH HIS SON AND ANOTHER COMPANION, IS A MYSTERY WHICH NEW EXPEDITIONS ARE SEEKING TO SOLVE: LIEUT.-COLONEL P. H. FAWCETT, D.S.O.—ONE OF THE LAST-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIM.

Colonel Fawcett, who, if still living, is sixty-five, was a distinguished artillery officer when, in 1906, his services were lent by the War Office to the Bolivian Government to help in delimiting the frontier with Brazil. Resigning from the Army, he conducted a private expedition to the southern Amazon region in 1913-14, but returned and served through the war. Between 1919 and 1921 he was back exploring in South America. He went out again in 1925, with his elder son, Jack, and a friend, Mr. Walter Rimmel, to resume the adventure. The "Geographical Journal" stated at that time: "Colonel Fawcett has long held that traces of lost early civilisation may still be found in forests of the interior; he cites buried cities near the borders of Piahy." It was in May 1925 that the party was last heard of.

aboriginal tribes that are among the most primitive of South America. Some of them are still in the Stone Age, their cultures unsullied by any European contact. Natural barriers have kept the region isolated from the rest of the world, making it possible for its inhabitants to keep to their primitive ways and to conserve their racial and cultural purity. Colonel Fawcett, during his stay at Cuyabá, a frontier city which is the capital of the State of Matto Grosso, was aware of the importance of the area in the history of mankind. Undoubtedly, he undertook his venture with the hope of making some contribution to our knowledge of the region.

He is well remembered at Cuyabá, where he made many friends. Some of them are still hopeful of his return. Through these friends, it is easy to learn of the explorer's movements up to the time of his departure for the Kuluene river. A part of the subsequent story can

be gathered from the Bakairi, one of whom accompanied him to the Kuluene river. From that point his trail can be picked up by inquiring of the Anahukua, who guided him to the Kalapalu village on the Kuluene river. The Kalapalu ferried him across to the east bank, where he plunged into the forest, intending to reach the Rio das Mortes and then descend to the Amazon and home. But his trail has not been followed beyond the Kuluene river. The aborigines inhabiting the forests beyond this point could doubtless add more threads to the story, but no one

about the country. All of the men that I met who entertained me with such stories were recent European immigrants to South America. No responsible official or even ordinary employee of the Inspeccoria de Protecção aos Índios, who are the only people to be in touch with the aborigines that are still in the wild state, profess to have seen or to have heard of the whereabouts of any member of the lost group.

However, occasionally some of these adventurers with glib tongues manage to attract the attention of the Press and tell their story to the outside world. There seems to be a pattern that is followed faithfully. Colonel Fawcett is met in the jungle with a long beard and wearing animal skins, and gives the information that he is the captive of the aborigines (the name of the tribe is never given), and he begs the hunter or prospector or trapper that has found him to report his plight to the British authorities.

(Continued on page 396.)



A GROUP INCLUDING TWO MEN (ON THE LEFT) WHO HAD FERRIED COLONEL FAWCETT'S PARTY ACROSS THE KULUENE, AND RECENTLY TOLD THEIR STORY TO MR. PETRULLO (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND): KALAPALU TRIBESMEN, OF THE MATTO GROSSO, BRAZIL.

In a statement published in the "Geographical Journal," Mr. Petrullo gives details of the story told him by the two men on the left above. They spoke of three white men who, some years ago, arrived at their village, with some Anahukua Indians, carrying packs and arms, but offering no presents. The Kalapalu gave them food, and next morning, having failed to dissuade the leader from his proposed journey, ferried the three across the Kuluene. The two younger whites were ill, suffering from sores, and seemed reluctant to go further. For five days the Kalapalu saw their smoke, indicating that they were blazing a trail through high grass. It was believed that on the sixth day they reached the forest to the east, for no more smoke was seen. Later, some Kalapalu found traces of camps, but not the white men.

investigating its significance. Colonel Fawcett did not even have this meagre information at the time that he attempted its exploration overland.

In the folklore of the country this region is the land of lost, fabulously rich civilisations, legendary gold-mines, unconquerable aborigines, white Indians, the Bat people—who derive their name from their habit of withdrawing from the daylight to caves—and of giants and pygmies. It is said also that when the Jesuits were expelled from Matto Grosso they withdrew to this region, where they built a thriving civilisation, hidden away from the rest of the world. In our flights we saw nothing to suggest any of these things.

To the anthropologist, the region is merely part of the tableland of Matto Grosso, whose northern forests harbour

investigating its significance. Colonel Fawcett did not even have this meagre information at the time that he attempted its exploration overland.



A MAN WHOM SOME SUSPECT OF HAVING KILLED COLONEL FAWCETT: ALOIQUE (LEFT), HEADMAN OF THE ANAHUKUA TRIBE, WHO HAD GUIDED HIM TO THE KALAPALU TRIBE—HERE SEEN QUESTIONED BY MR. PETRULLO, WHO BELIEVES HIM INNOCENT.

"It is important to note," says the "Geographical Journal," in commenting on Mr. Vincenzo Petrullo's statement published therein, "how closely this story obtained by Mr. Petrullo from the Kalapalu Indians confirms the story which Mr. Dyott obtained in their country (i.e., when he searched for the lost explorer in 1928) from Aloique, a chief of the Anahukua (Anahukua of Petrullo), who had guided him (Fawcett) to the Kalapalu. . . . Aloique suggested that Fawcett had been killed by Suyá Indians, and the Kalapalu chief that he had been killed by Anahukuas. Dyott suspected Aloique himself . . . but Mr. Petrullo doubts the possibility of Anahukuas being responsible for anything east of the Kuluene (outside their own territory). . . . In any case, we have now independent testimony that the Kalapalu story puts the last known camp of Fawcett some five marches east of the Kuluene . . . that is, some 100 miles west of the Rio das Mortes (River of Death)."

NATIVES OF BRAZILIAN WILDS WHERE COLONEL FAWCETT VANISHED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. VINCENZO PETRULLO AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA.



NATIVES SHOOTING FISH WITH BOW AND ARROW ON THE KULUENE: A SCENE ON A RIVER CROSSED BY COLONEL FAWCETT AND HIS COMPANIONS SHORTLY BEFORE THEIR DISAPPEARANCE.



MEN OF THE KALAPALU TRIBE IN WHOSE VILLAGE THE FAWCETT PARTY PASSED A NIGHT A FEW DAYS BEFORE MAKING THEIR LAST KNOWN CAMP: TYPICAL TRIBESMEN OF THE KULUENE REGION.



A WOMAN OF THE KULUENE DISTRICT: A TSUVA TYPE—OF A TRIBE RECENTLY DISCOVERED FOR THE FIRST TIME.



INTERESTED IN WATCHING SOME WHITE MEN BATHING AND USING SOAP: A WOMAN OF THE KULUENE REGION, WITH HER CHILD.



A WOMAN OF THE ANAHUKUA TRIBE, AT WHOSE VILLAGE COLONEL FAWCETT STAYED: A TYPE FROM THE KULUSEU RIVER REGION.



A WOMAN PREPARING MANIOC MEAL (BY REDUCING THE LARGE TUBERS OF THE PLANT TO PULP): A DOMESTIC SCENE IN A NATIVE VILLAGE OF THE KULUENE RIVER REGION.



"SUN-BATHING," IN HAMMOCKS AND OTHERWISE, AMONG BRAZILIAN FOREST DWELLERS: ABORIGINES ENCAMPED WITH MR. PETRULLO'S EXPEDITION, DESCRIBED IN HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 375.

These Brazilian natives were met with by Mr. Vincenzo Petrullo during the expedition (by aeroplane and otherwise) which he describes on page 375. "Once (he adds in a note) several hundred of them encamped with us on the most friendly terms." Again, in his statement given in the "Geographical Journal," we read: "The aborigines—I made contact with twelve tribes—are not cannibals, nor are they head-hunters. As long as they are treated as human beings, and are shown respect for their customs, no harm is to be expected from them, but if ill-treated they will fight with enviable courage; an exhibition of which was given us on the occasion of our flying over one of their villages for the first

time, when the men, instead of running away, fought the aerial monster with the only weapons they have, the bow and arrow. We found them very hospitable, generous, honest, solicitous about our welfare, anxious not to be in our way, and immensely curious about our civilisation. Had we been able to converse in a common language, instead of merely pantomime and through interpreters, we should have spent many hours in conversation. They made good hosts, good guests at our camps, and good travelling companions." The manioc, or cassava plant, from which a woman is seen preparing meal, is a staple food in tropical America. The tubers are pulped and submitted to pressure.

ON COLONEL FAWCETT'S TRAIL IN UNKNOWN BRAZIL BY AIR AND RIVER.

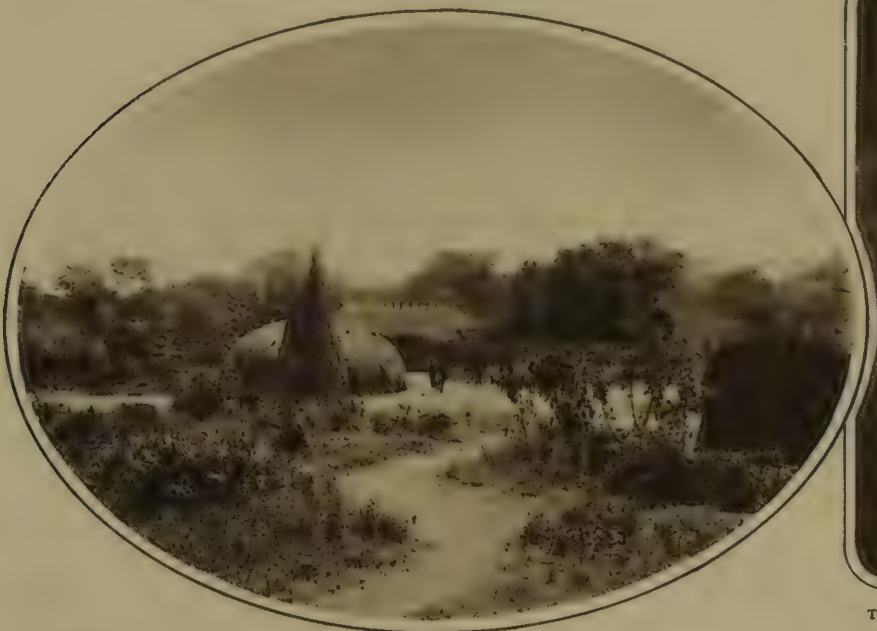
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. VINCENZO PETRULLO AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 375.)



AT THE POINT FROM WHICH COLONEL FAWCETT EMBARKED IN KALAPALU CANOES TO CROSS THE RIVER, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DISAPPEARANCE: AN EXPLORING PARTY BESIDE THE WEST BANK OF THE KULUENE.



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE EXPLORING PARTY IN CANOES, ACCOMPANIED BY A NATIVE FAMILY: A RIVER SCENE IN THE REGION OF BRAZIL WHERE COLONEL FAWCETT AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS DISAPPEARED IN MAY 1925.



A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN THE KULUENE REGION, WHICH THE FAWCETT PARTY WERE EXPLORING AT THE TIME OF THEIR DISAPPEARANCE: NATIVE DWELLINGS AT YAWALAPITI.



THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF YAWALAPITI (ON THE WHITE PATCH IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH THE GROUND VIEW OF THE SAME VILLAGE IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION.



LANDSCAPE IN THE REGION OF COLONEL FAWCETT'S DISAPPEARANCE: THE KULUENE RIVER ABOVE THE MOUTH OF THE KULUSEU, WHICH JOINS IT TO FLOW INTO THE XINGU, THE LATTER IN TURN FLOWING NORTHWARD TO ENTER THE AMAZON.



BRAZIL'S "RIVER-SUNDERED" JUNGLE AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE REGION DRAINED BY THE HEAD WATERS OF THE XINGU (A SOUTHERN AFFLUENT OF THE AMAZON), INTO WHICH THE KULUENE FLOWS.

From the above air views, taken during the aeroplane flights mentioned by Mr. Vincenzo Petrullo in his article on page 375, it is possible to realise something of the vastness and wildness of that region in Central Brazil where Colonel Fawcett and his two companions were last seen, in 1925, and of the difficulties of exploration in these great forests intersected by a network of rivers. Mr. Petrullo was engaged last year in archaeological and ethnological field studies for the Pennsylvania University Museum, in co-operation with the Matto Grosso Expedition. "On one field trip" (he writes in the "Geographical Journal") "to the headwaters of the Xingu River, becoming aware that I had unknowingly followed Fawcett's trail, I collected what information I could from the Indians."

Among the sources of such information he mentions the Anakuhua tribe on the Kuluseu River and Kalapalu Indians on the Kuluene River. Both these rivers are tributaries of the Xingu. As mentioned under a photograph accompanying Mr. Petrullo's article, it was some Kalapalu tribesmen who ferried Colonel Fawcett across the Kuluene when he proceeded on the journey from which he never returned. The new British Expedition, to which Mr. Petrullo alludes, left London last June with the twofold object of exploring and mapping the Rio das Mortes (River of Death) and of investigating and, if possible, solving the seven-years'-old mystery of Colonel Fawcett's disappearance. The Expedition is led by Mr. Robert Churchward, assisted by Captain J. G. Holman, a British resident in Brazil.

GIGANTIC INTAGLIO PICTOGRAPHS IN THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT:

MYSTERIOUS SILHOUETTES OF MEN AND ANIMALS FORMED ON THE GROUND BY AN UNKNOWN RACE, WHO MAY HAVE RESORTED TO THIS BARREN DISTRICT FOR RITUAL PURPOSES LONG AGO.

By ARTHUR WOODWARD, Curator of History, Los Angeles Museum. (See Illustrations opposite.)

ONE by one the far places of the earth are surrendering their secrets to the all-seeing eyes of the aviators. The latest discovery recorded by fliers is the collection of gigantic intaglio figures of animals and men sprawled upon the flat desert mesas on the west bank of the Colorado River, in California, eighteen miles north of Blythe.

A passing aviator, Mr. George Palmer, flying from Las Vegas, Nevada, to Blythe, California, was cruising along at an altitude of 5000 feet one hot summer day, and for a pastime, one in which travellers over rough country often indulge, was idly reviewing the terrain beneath for possible emergency landing-fields. Suddenly he saw swim into view what appeared to be the figure of a giant lying supine on the earth beneath him. At first he thought the heat was playing tricks with his vision; then, as he took a second look, he saw beside the figure the outlines of a four-legged animal.

He immediately banked and dropped lower to view these amazing objects. They were there all right, animal and man, and, gauging them as best he could, he deemed them about one hundred feet in length. As to their character, whether mounded or painted, he was not certain. After circling them once or twice, he flew on. Later he went back with a small camera, and took the first snap-shots ever made of the new find. These snapshots he brought into the Los Angeles Museum, where the author of this article viewed them, and, dim as they were, it was evident that Mr. Palmer had made a unique archaeological discovery, and one which would bear further investigation.

Since the United States Army had furnished a plane and cameraman to map the ancient canal systems of the Hohokam, built almost fifteen centuries ago in the arid valleys of the Gila and Salt Rivers in Arizona, the hope was born that perhaps the Government might again be prevailed upon to lend machines for a scientific mission. Eventually Lieut. Minton W. Kaye, of the 23rd Photographic Section, Air Corps, U.S. Army, was assigned to the mission.

Dr. Charles van Bergen, Honorary Curator of Archaeology at the Museum, who has been active in placing archaeological expeditions in the field during the past three years in various parts of California, Arizona, and Utah, volunteered to furnish and drive a ground car, whereby the entire party might drive to the scene once the spot was definitely located from the air. To make the party complete, Mr. Palmer was asked to go with us and visit the scene of his unique discovery.

Often the assertion has been made that there are no new things to be found in such a well-settled region as California. Even the seemingly desolate areas have been fairly well covered by hundreds of wandering prospectors, surveying crews, and many others afflicted with the *Wanderlust*. However, the presence of the huge intaglio pictographs—for such they have been termed—within a few miles of a well-travelled Transcontinental thoroughfare, in a territory over which many aeroplanes have flown during the past few years, would seem to prove the fallacy of such a statement.

Lieut. Kaye, with a few simple directions from Mr. Palmer, flew across country over a course which included rough, broken terrain, through a narrow mountain pass, and thence over miles of desert land to the Colorado River. He followed the sinuous windings of that sullen brown stream until he found himself over the mysterious outlines, made hundreds of years ago by unknown Indian hands. "We flew directly to them," he said. "They are even larger than I thought. They seem to have been dug out of the earth. I made notes of roads and trails in that neck of the woods, and I think we can get there by car. We can go up there tomorrow, examine the ground, and come back in the evening." And so it was planned.

The road upon which we travelled was a rough dirt track, over which working parties passed to and from their labours on the canal alongside the Colorado, and one which some of the farmers in the neighbourhood used. We left the last of the cultivated lands, and continued northward until we eventually emerged upon the level, pebbled mesas, wind-whipped and sun-warped by thousands of years of exposure. Then, before we knew it, we were almost on top of one

of the "pictographs." Although this term seems rather peculiarly used in this instance, the author has not been able to find one which adequately described these figures to any better advantage. Once on the spot, we saw immediately the technique used by the ancient artists.

The level bench lands in that particular part of the country are carpeted with regular layers of smooth, water-worn pebbles, which, through centuries of exposure to sun and wind, have taken on a patina which gives them the appearance of having been fried to a dark brown in a rich grease. Vast areas are covered with this desert pavement, coated with this so-called "desert varnish." No one

The first one we visited consisted of a "trinity" of a man (spread-eagled and lying partly in a huge circle, which from its nature appears to have been used as a dance ring), a long-legged, long-tailed animal, and a small serpentine coil which may have represented a reptile. The man in this case was 95 ft. long from the crown of the head to the bottom of his feet. The dance ring was 140 ft. in diameter. The animal was 36 ft. in length from the tip of its nose to the base of its tail. The serpentine coil was 12 ft. in diameter.

The next mesa we visited had a single figure, that of a man, upon it. This outline was 98 ft. long. The torso was over 17 ft. wide. The arms were outstretched over a span of 74 ft. The third mesa had a "trinity" similar to the first one, save that here the artists had outdone themselves as creators of Herculean monsters. The man in this case was 167 ft. in length. Each hand had the normal number of fingers, and each foot the requisite number of toes.

One peculiarity was noticed in all of the figures. The elbow and knee joints were decidedly accentuated, giving the outlines a distinctly "knobby" appearance. The mammary glands were represented by large white stones, brought from a distant wash, and these stones, being from a different stratum and composed of a different material, did not have the same patina as did the smooth pebbles carpeting the mesa tops. The eyes, nose, and mouth had been similarly made.

The oddest features of this last man-like figure were the long, wavy appendages emanating from the head on either side. These were six in number on each side, and extended out for some forty-seven feet. Strangely enough, these wavy lines had not been made by scraping away the pebbles. Instead, it seemed that the artisans had in some manner selected a series of ultra-polished pebbles and laid them in a mosaic to form these waves. The effect

was rather weird, the more so because the entire surface was covered with the shining dark stones, and to have these hair-like lines shimmering elusively in that expanse of already polished stones was a bit uncanny.

Who made these pictographs? How old are they? What was their purpose? These are the questions one might normally ask. So far, the writer has not been able to find an adequate answer to any of them. Efforts were made to learn whether

or not such figures were incorporated in the legends of the Mohave or Chemehuevi Indians, who once inhabited this country; but apparently such was not the case.

Near the town of Needles, likewise on the Colorado, many miles above Blythe, is a mysterious rock "maze," consisting of many acres of ground covered with a patchwork of parallel rows of small stones, scraped together in ridges, corresponding exactly in technique to the odd figures. This is termed the "Mohave Maze," but the Mohave deny having built it, nor do they know the builders. At one time, as late as 1888-92, it was learned that there were two gigantic human figures incorporated with this maze. However, railroad contractors, building a new line through the desert, found it necessary to lay out the right of way through a portion of this aboriginal creation, and the human figures were destroyed.

Far down in the Gila Valley, Arizona, lost in the grease-wood tangle, just north of the Gila River, about five miles from the modern Pima town of Sacaton, is supposed to be a similar outline of a human being. This figure is definitely connected with Pima mythology, and relates to a fearsome, cannibalistic creature known as Hääk Vääk, who, upon being pursued through the country by a culture hero rested at that spot one night, and, where she rested, the Indians made the outline in stones.

Such are the meagre clues which might have some bearing upon the newly discovered intaglios sprawled upon the mesas beside the turbid Colorado. There they lie, men, animals, and reptiles, cut in the surface of the earth by long-vanished hands, symbols of ancient beliefs, physical vestiges of monotonous rituals performed under a blazing sun or perhaps beneath a full desert moon.



A NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURES OF THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT FROM THE GROUND: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SILHOUETTE OF A QUADRUPED FORMED BY CLEARING AWAY THE BROWN PEBBLES WHICH COVER THE DESERT, SO AS TO LEAVE A LIGHT-COLOURED PATCH—THE OUTLINES BEING EMPHASISED WITH PILED-UP PEBBLES.

In our photograph are seen, on the left, Lieut. Kaye, the pilot lent by the U.S. Army Air Corps for photographing the figures, or "pictographs," from the air; in the centre, Dr. van Bergen, a well-known archaeologist of the South-Western States, and honorary Curator of Archaeology at the Los Angeles Museum, who lent his assistance to the expedition; and in the foreground, the author of the article on this page.

Photographs by 23rd photo Section, Air Corps, U.S.A. Army.

seems to know how long it takes for this patina to form. If we could find an answer to this question, we might be able in some way to determine the age of the figures in question.

In some far-distant past, brown-skinned Indians, toiling in the hot sun, carefully measured the outlines of the animals and human figures upon the surface of these mesas; then they scraped away the pebbles, leaving the surface light and clear. They heaped the pebbles on the peripheries of the representations thus limned upon the

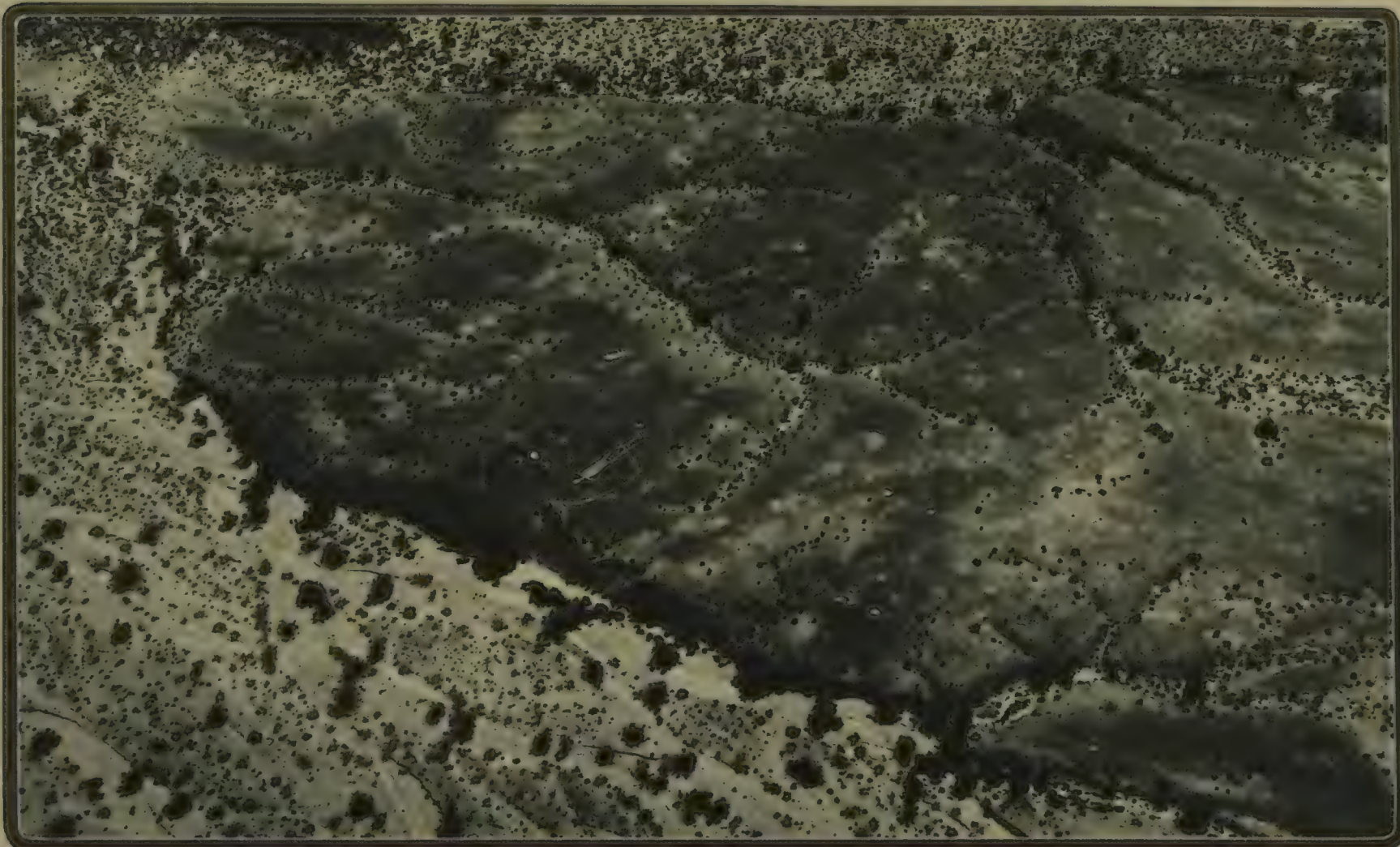


TWO OF THE FIGURES, OR "PICTOGRAPHS," SEEN FROM THE GROUND: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS CLEARLY THE NATURE OF THE PEBBLES WHICH HERE COVER THE DESERT, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THE SILHOUETTE OF A FOUR-LEGGED CREATURE AND OF A SERPENTINE SPIRAL WERE FORMED.

earth. Indians, employing no tools other than their hands, and perhaps crude brushes made of willow or mesquite trees, created here in the desert figures, perhaps of gods, and mythical creatures. In all there were three groups of these outlines. The ancient artists had considered well the nature of the ground upon which they executed their works. The surface of each mesa was absolutely level, and no erosion had taken place save at the extreme edges of the table-lands. Thus it is possible that, while the pictographs appear surprisingly fresh, several centuries have passed since these queer figures were made.

AIR DISCOVERIES OF GIGANTIC INTAGLIO PICTOGRAPHS IN CALIFORNIA.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY 23RD PHOTO SECTION, AIR CORPS, U.S.A. ARMY.)



A GROUP OF MYSTERIOUS FIGURES FORMED INTAGLIO-WISE IN THE LAYER OF PEBBLES COVERING BARREN MESAS OF THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT: A MAN WITH HIS BODY CROSSED BY A SUPPOSED DANCE RING, AND A QUADRUPED; AS SEEN FROM THE AIR, WHENCE THEY WERE FIRST DISCOVERED.



A CLOSER VIEW OF ANOTHER GROUP OF FIGURES, OR "PICTOGRAPHS," FROM THE AIR: A MAN 167 FT. LONG; A QUADRUPED; AND, NEAR THE LATTER, A SERPENTINE SPIRAL.

How these remarkable pictographs came to be discovered by an American aviator flying over the Californian desert is described in an extremely interesting article on the opposite page. They are situated some miles north of Blythe, in California. In this district the wind-swept *mesas* of the desert are covered with a layer of smooth, water-worn pebbles, which through centuries of exposure to sun and wind have taken on a remarkable patina. This, as the author of the article observes, "gives them the appearance of having been fried to a dark brown in a rich grease." It is supposed that Indians, or some primitive people, scraped away the pebbles, leaving the surface below showing light and clear in definite shapes. They heaped the pebbles round the edge of the design. English

readers will doubtless be reminded of the "Long Man of Wilmington," that famous figure cut in the chalk downs of Sussex, which bears some resemblance to the human figures here seen; while the quadrupeds will remind them of the various "White Horses" scattered about the southern counties. We would observe, however, that there is this significant difference between the American and the English pictographs, as regards their apparent purpose. For while the English giant figures are cut on hillsides, and are clearly meant to be best seen from the plain below, the Californian figures are formed on level plateaus and so are only visible in their right proportions from a considerable height. Their appearance from the ground is less impressive, as illustrated on the opposite page.



POLICE MOVING ON A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS: SOME EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS OF A LANCASHIRE TOWN DURING THE STRIKE IN THE MANUFACTURING SECTION OF THE COTTON TRADE.

THE COTTON STRIKE IN LANCASHIRE: INCIDENTS INVOLVING 160,000 WEAVERS.



A PARTY OF GIRL WORKERS LEAVING THE MOSS BRIDGE AT A MILL THAT WAS KEPT RUNNING

MILL AT DARWEN UNDER POLICE PROTECTION: A SCENE BY A MUCH-DEPLETED STAFF.



A STRIKE LEADER AND HIS VERY ORDERLY AUDIENCE: OPEN-AIR ORATORY AT BURNLEY, WHERE STRIKES HAD ALREADY LASTED FIVE WEEKS WHEN THE GENERAL LANCASHIRE STRIKE BEGAN.



THE DESERTED MILL: A TYPICAL LANCASHIRE FAMILY STANDING, OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE AT RAWTENSTALL, AND GAZING AT THE UNWONTED ASPECT OF THE HOLME MILL, WITH ITS BLINDS DRAWN DOWN.



ALL SHAFTS AND BELTS RUNNING, WITH SCORES OF THE SMALL GROUP THAT REMAINED AT WORK IN THE

UNATTENDED MACHINES (IN A MILL CONTAINING NEARLY 2000 LOOMS), TO DRIVE A FEW MACHINES OPERATED BY A SMALL GROUP OF GIRLS REMAINING AT WORK: BRIDGE MILL, DARWEN.



TYPES OF LANCASHIRE COTTON OPERATIVES ON STRIKE—LOOKING VERY QUIET, THOUGHTFUL, AND MUCH IN EARNEST: PART OF THE CROWD AT BURNLEY LISTENING TO THE SPEAKER SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE.



HOW THE DOMESTIC CATERING PROBLEM IS SOLVED DURING A STRIKE: BRISK BUSINESS IN A GROCER'S SHOP AT RAWTENSTALL, WHERE GOODS ARE SUPPLIED TO STRIKERS' FAMILIES ON CREDIT UNTIL THE SETTLEMENT.



LUNCH INSIDE THE MILL TO AVOID THE JEERING AND THE SMALL GROUP THAT REMAINED AT WORK IN THE

DOING OF THE STRIKERS IN THE STREETS OUTSIDE: MOSS BRIDGE MILL, DARWEN, AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL.



THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF THE QUESTION: MEAL TIME IN A STRIKER'S HOME, WHERE THERE ARE EIGHT MOUTHS TO FEED—A TYPICAL INTERIOR AND FAMILY GROUP IN A LANCASHIRE COTTON TOWN.

The general strike in the manufacturing section of the Lancashire cotton industry (as noted in our last issue) began on August 29, when some 112,000 weavers ceased work. At that time, in Burnley, the strike had already lasted over five weeks, and all mills there had stopped, but in other towns the situation varied. Those in which there was a complete stoppage of mills included Nelson, Colne, Haslingden, Wigan, and Padiham, while at Oldham the mills were closed because the wakes had just begun. On the other hand, there were then some towns in which all the mills continued

running. Among these were Stockport, Rochdale, Hyde, Glossop, Leigh, and eight other places. In Manchester itself a number of operatives had been withdrawn, but the local textile trades' federation decided against a strike at mills where the old rates of wages were being paid. At Accrington 3000 operatives had struck, and only 200 remained at work. At Blackburn only 4 mills were running, and some 17,500 people were on strike. At

Darwen (on August 29) 22 out of the 23 mills were still running. On September 5, it was stated that the Ministry of Labour, which had kept in close touch with developments, and had consulted with several of the operatives' leaders in London, was expected to intervene in the dispute within the next few days. The chief difficulties were the questions of wage-reduction and re-instatement of strikers who had been replaced by other workers.

employers and employees, though three Lancashire M.P.s—Messrs. J. P. Morris (N. Salford), A. E. L. Chorlton (Plattin), and John Potter (Eccles)—had offered their services in this direction to both sides. Next day it was reported that at Leigh the strike had already affected the spinners as well as the weavers. By September 1 the number of strikers had increased to 160,000. The first week of the strike passed without any definite mediation between the

A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"DOWN AFRICA'S SKYWAYS." By BENJAMIN BENNETT.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON AND CO., LTD.)

"CAPE to Cairo" was one of the many life-long dreams of Cecil Rhodes, and when friends expostulated with him on the costliness of an impracticable hobby, he is reported to have said that if other rich men had perfectly useless extravagances, he did not see why he should not have an extravagance which some day might prove to be useful. Were he alive to-day, he would probably be the first to encourage a method of linking the north and south of Africa which he could not foresee at the beginning of the twentieth century. His project, indeed, is being furthered in its new form by the executors of his chief collaborator, for it has recently been announced that the Beit Trust is devoting large sums of money to the improvement of air routes, aerodromes, and landing-grounds in North and South Rhodesia. The result will be to establish a chain of frequent and well-equipped air-stations over at least 1200 miles of the difficult southern part of the African route.

Thus every year, and almost every month, marks an advance in the process which would never have been possible but for the daring of the pioneers whose exploits are chronicled in this book. The adventures are all worth recording, though as to the manner of their telling, the less said the better. Journalists can no further go than in some of Mr. Bennett's purple patches, and the literary quality is perhaps sufficiently indicated by a passage in which a French aviator attributes his success to *le bon chance*.

The Cairo-to-Cape air-route was surveyed immediately after the war, and was officially declared open by the British Air Ministry in September 1919. The opportunity, or challenge, thus given was soon accepted. In January 1920, through the enterprise of the *Times*, a Vickers Vimy, with a crew of five, and piloted by Captain S. Cockerell and Captain F. C. Broome, D.F.C., attempted the flight. The argonauts experienced every kind of adversity, but struggled on gallantly as far as Tabora, where the machine had to be abandoned, a month after it had left England.

About the same time, two young South Africans, Lieut. - Col. Van Ryneveld and Flight-Lieut. Brand, both of whom had served with great distinction in the Air Force during the war, set off from London in the *Silver Queen*. Not far from Cairo, engine-trouble compelled them to make a forced landing, and their machine was damaged beyond repair; but their engines were transferred to another machine, and they resumed the flight from Cairo. *Silver Queen II*, most unluckily crashed near Bulawayo, on March 5, and was replaced by a third machine, which reached Cape Town without further incident on March 20. The flight, including interruptions, had taken a little over six weeks. Both the aviators were knighted, and Sir Pierre Van Ryneveld is now Director of the South African Air Service.

For nearly five years there was a pause in development; but in November 1925 Sir Alan Cobham began a flight which was to mark an epoch. Of him Mr. Bennett writes: "If there had been no Cobham, Imperial Airways might not have extended their arm of service down the African Continent as early as 1932. Others may, would, have flown down Africa with a stopwatch in their hands; but Cobham kept his eye on a ready-reckoner. He was the man who worked out the pounds, shillings and pence of the African route. On his pioneer work is built the present structure of the Trans-African Airways." His schedule provided for a flight of sixteen days, but actually he took a month longer than he had intended. This, how-

ever, was not due to mishaps, from which the flight was singularly free, but to numerous "air-minded" engagements on the way—all of them opportune, and, indeed, necessary as propaganda for the possibilities which Sir Alan Cobham had made it his business to demonstrate. There were no such incidentals on the journey back. The airman set out to beat the mail-boat, and succeeded. He flew from Cape Town to London in fifteen days, with 80 hours actual flying time.

Sir Alan Cobham's second flight was begun in November 1927, in the monster flying-boat *Singapore*. A broken wing at Malta prevented him from reaching Cape Town before the end of the following March. On the return journey, he explored a new route along the west coast—successfully, except for a forced descent in a very remote spot on the French Ivory Coast. Lady Cobham was one of the crew of five, and lived for nearly six months in the little metal cabin of the great seaplane.

The first solo flight, in a Moth, was made by Lieut. R. R. Bentley in September 1927. He aimed at the then unprecedented time of fourteen days; actually he accomplished the journey, with singularly little misadventure, in twenty-six days. From this date onwards, a succession of solo fliers have brought the time down to what would have

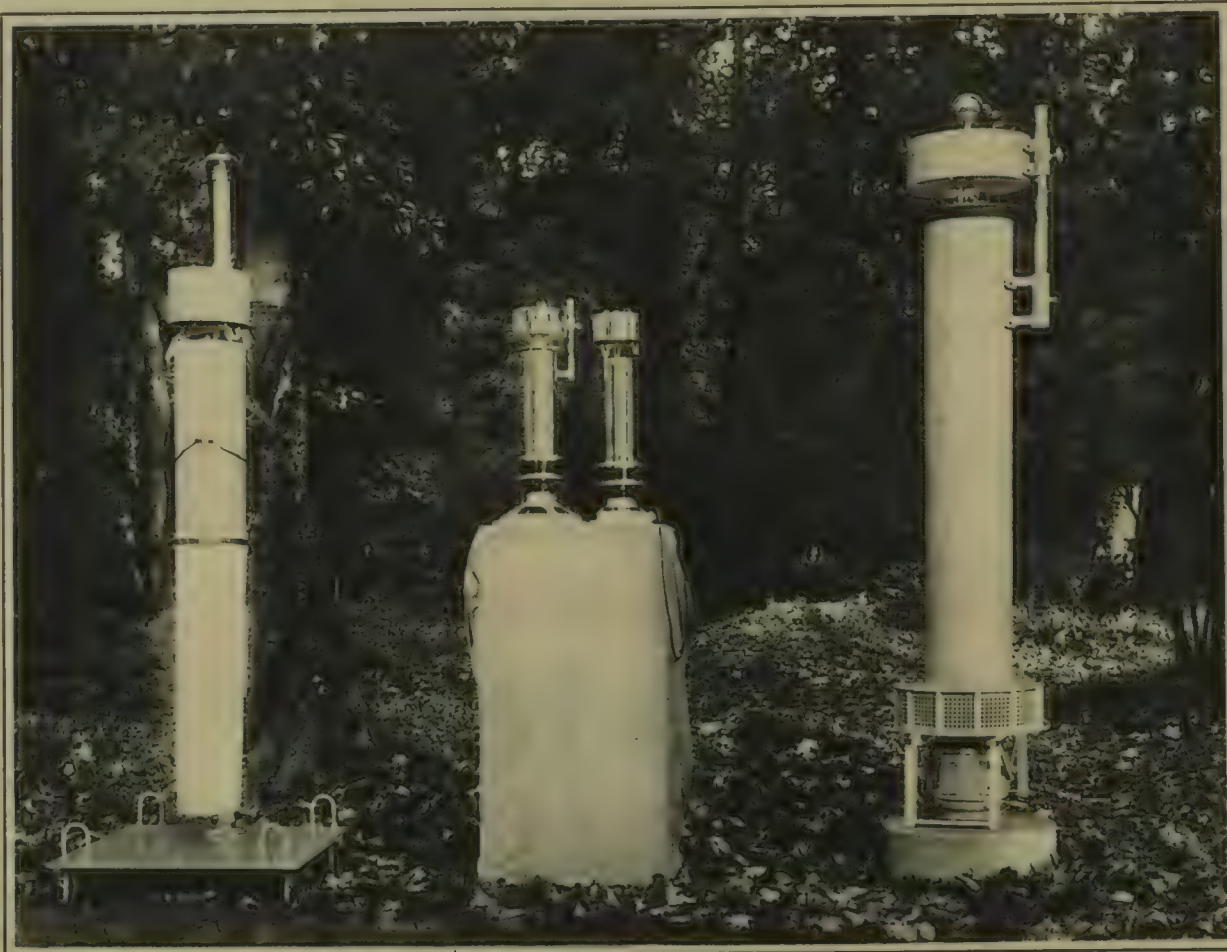
fact was, a stimulus to the development of the Imperial Air Service, and its significance made all the more lamentable the accident which, soon after, ended what seemed to be a charmed life. Even Glen Kidston's record fell, in the same year, before the onslaught of Mr. Gordon Store and Miss Peggy Salaman, who cut off half a day from the record time; and finally—but is it finally?—Mr. Mollison, in March of the present year, "clipped more than thirteen hours off the Salaman-Store record, and almost halved the nine-day solo record put up by Lieut. Caspareuthus." There the matter stands at present, and it is difficult to believe that the process can go much farther. But it is dangerous to predict, and air-liners with an average cruising speed of anything between 200 and 300 miles an hour are by no means beyond the bounds of possibility.

It is a remarkable tale of daring and determination, and of enormous advance within a period of twelve years. Men may, up to the present, claim the greater part of the credit, but at least five women—the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Bailey, Lady Cobham, Miss Salaman, and Lady Heath—have contributed notably to the epic, and indeed one is almost inclined to fear that the lust for record-breaking may become a form of rivalry between the sexes, to the great peril of the human race. However, one of

the most enterprising of these women aviators assures us that the peril is greatly exaggerated. "People who do not fly," says Lady Bailey, "think that flying is very difficult, very dangerous, and very bad for the nerves. The exact opposite is correct in each particular. Flying is far easier than driving a car. In the first place, there is greater ease of mechanical control with no gear changes to worry about. Then you do not have to consider all the outside factors that make car driving so difficult on the crowded roads of to-day, such as other cars, and the possible behaviour of their more or less skilful drivers; the pedestrians with inclinations towards unpremeditated suicide, the young rascal on the bicycle who sees how near to disaster he can get; and the policeman, who always seems to be with us when we are doing something a little wrong in a car!" It may be so; but, on the other hand, so far as we have yet discovered, the motorist is not seriously threatened by forests, swamps, lions, tigers, fogs, tempests, and savages; he is not in imminent danger of death if his petrol supply should fail or

his radiator should leak; we have never heard of a holiday-maker having to sleep on the roof of his car for fear of crocodiles, or of an owner-driver finding his car devoured in a single night by termites. (They will leave the tyres, it seems, but these will be ravenously consumed by hyenas.) It is true that motorists sometimes behave as if they were in a dream, but few have to resort to prodding themselves with darning-needles in order to keep awake, or are satisfied, as Mr. Mollison was, with two hours' sleep in nearly five days. Flying 8000 miles may be all that Lady Bailey claims for it, but we are not entirely convinced by Lieut. Murdoch's description of its simplicity: "I want to refute the rumour that my flight was carried out on pluck. As a matter of fact, I was stiff with fright all the way. But then nothing frightens me more than the average train or steamer. Trains always have a chance of running off the rails, and on board, the boat deck has similar dangers. Flying is different. You set off, and then you just land again at your destination." It sounds quite dull; but, unless Mr. Bennett has been grossly misinformed, there is rather more incident than that, and, with deference to Lieut. Murdoch, there is rather more pluck than that.

C. K. A.



MOSQUITOES CAUGHT BY THE MILLION: A FRENCH GIRL'S INVENTION FOR TRAPPING MOSQUITOES AND NOXIOUS INSECTS WITH THE AID OF ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS AND AIR-SUCTION.

We illustrate here the Gourdon insect-trap which has proved most successful in the Camargue and in the mosquito-infested country round the mouth of the Rhone. The principal elements are a lamp emitting ultra-violet rays, to which insects are attracted, and an electric fan which draws them down by a powerful current of air into a receptacle from which they are unable to escape. Our photograph shows three types of the apparatus. On the left is seen a trap for use in the garden; those in the centre are for indoor use; and that on the right is effective over areas of many acres. These novel and most useful traps are the invention of Mlle. Germaine Gourdon, of Montmorency (S.-et-O.).

seemed in 1920 quite fantastic limits. In 1928, Lieut. Patrick Murdoch—not to do things by halves—determined to fly from England to the Cape and back in less time than it had taken Lieut. Bentley to accomplish the outward journey. The first part of his programme succeeded, for he reached the Cape, after a very difficult flight, in eleven days—less than half Bentley's time; but on the return journey his Avro Avian came to grief in a pocket of dead air in the Belgian Congo, and he only escaped death by a desperate leap from his flaming machine. Two years later, Lieut. R. F. Caspareuthus—who passed over Beauvais the same day as the "R101" met with disaster—set himself to excel not only Murdoch's solo achievement, but the record time of ten days which the Duchess of Bedford and Captain Barnard had accomplished earlier in the year. He brought the time down to eight days, with 76½ flying hours, and an average speed of 105 miles per hour. To Lieut. Caspareuthus also belongs the distinction of having piloted the first regular air mail from South Africa to England. His record was not to remain long intact, for in March 1931 Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston covered the distance in six days and ten hours. This feat was not only remarkable in itself but was intended to be, and in

* "Down Africa's Skyways." By Benjamin Bennett. (Hutchinson and Co. Ltd.; 10s. 6d.)

The "Mecca" of Mediterranean Cruises: Athens and the Parthenon.

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"MOONLIGHT ON THE PARTHENON": SHADOW AND SILVER ON THE MASTER BUILDING OF ANTIQUITY.

ATHENS may well be called the "Mecca" of Mediterranean cruises, at least for those modern pilgrims, voyaging by luxury liner through the Ægean Sea, for whom the chief attraction lies in the relics of the immortal past, in the beauty of ancient buildings and sculpture, and in all that went to make "the glory that was Greece." An excellent description of the impression made on such a pilgrim, blending modernity with historical imagination, occurs in a book recently noticed on our review page, called "Touring the Ancient World with a Camera," by C. G. Holme and William Gaunt ("The Studio," Ltd.). "We went up to the Acropolis," writes Mr. Gaunt, "on our first night in Athens. The moon bathed the city in a soft light. We walked along a wide boulevard. On our left was the Temple of Olympian Zeus, its beautiful columns a reminder of the colossal imagining of the Emperor Hadrian. . . . We turned a corner and the Parthenon glimmered above us. The tramway cable ruled an exquisite line along its exquisite length. As we ascended the final path that led upwards amongst the fir-trees to the summit, a loud-speaker began to croon in the dark. . . . The gurgling of the saxophone echoed around the areopagitic rocks, and floated eerily away round the level plains of the city. The moonlit Parthenon was silver against the dark mass of the Acropolis wall. A car flung our shadows forward as we stood steeped in this frozen beauty of ruin. From the roof of the Grande Bretagne next day we saw Athens as a complete panorama. It was drenched in its pure white light, a sort of physical equivalent of Matthew Arnold's philosophic light. . . . We walked to the Acropolis again by day. Greek boys were playing football amongst the columns of the Temple of Zeus. . . . Restoration was in progress on the Parthenon, and some of its columns were shrouded in scaffolding. In incorruptible splendour the marble of Iktinos and Kallikrates gleamed in the sun." For the architectural detail of the Parthenon, the reader cannot do better than consult Sir Banister Fletcher's "History of Architecture" (Batsford), the new edition of which was likewise recently reviewed in our pages.

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS: KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH AFRICA, THE WORLD'S LARGEST GAME SANCTUARY.

REPRODUCED FROM COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. SCHÖNS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

THE Kruger National Park, in the Low Veld country of the Eastern Transvaal, is the world's largest sanctuary for wild game in their natural surroundings. This wonderful Reserve is some 250 miles long with an average width of about 40 miles. In total area it is larger than the whole of Wales. Its origin as a Game Reserve dates from 1898, and it is now controlled by the National Parks Board of Trustees, while a permanent Warden, with a staff of Rangers, resides in the Reserve. In recent years this vast tract of country has been opened up and made accessible. It is traversed by some 500 miles of roads, and is equipped with comfortable rest camps and other practical facilities for the convenience and enjoyment of the growing numbers of visitors. The animal studies reproduced here are from photographs taken in the Reserve, and they have recaptured, as far as photographic art can, something of the beauty of the animal life in its natural state. The species of wild life vary from the smallest rodent to the King of Beasts and the lordly giraffe, all of which thrive and multiply under the rigorous protection afforded by Government regulations. A letter has just come to hand from a recent visitor to the Reserve, who writes: "I took my wife and family to the Kruger National Park by car, and we got several close-up views of lions and numerous varieties of animals with our 'baby-cine.' At one point we

(Continued in Box 2.)



encountered sixteen lions in a group in the middle of the road. On another occasion we came across three lions and a lioness who had spread herself across the road. As I moved slowly forward in the car she moved very slightly in order to prevent the front wheels running over her fore-paws. I stopped at 10 yards to take 'cine' pictures of her as she moved out slowly into the road behind us, and asked my wife to sound the hooter in order to make the lioness turn; but she took no notice of the sound. We were just starting up again when my wife noticed another lion. He had been standing watching the whole proceedings five yards from the car opposite a small bush alongside the road. The Ranger informed me that 800 cars passed through the Reserve this year with perfect safety. It was a wonderful experience." This actual narrative of the manner in which it is possible to see the wild life of the Reserve is no exaggeration, as the animals are becoming accustomed to human beings and are less prone to flight. The full descriptive notes on the animals here illustrated are as follows: "(1) Female Waterbuck. The females run in large troops with their calves. They resemble the male (No. 2), but are without horns. They are very stupid, and, compared with other antelope, slow in movement; hence a large number fall a prey to lions.—(2) A Waterbuck Bull. These noble-looking animals run

(Continued in Box 3.)

in large troops, but lone bulls are often found. Their horns attain a length of about 36 in. along the outside curve. They have a long shaggy coat and a white ring round their tails. Their smell is strong, not unlike goats, and their flesh unpalatable. When sensing danger they will often take refuge behind a tree and watch, as the photograph shows, standing still until the danger is past or they think it time to move.—(3) Koodoo. The male has long spiral horns, measuring up to about 60 in. in length along the outside of the curve, and is exceedingly graceful in his movements, especially when he uses his horns to hook down the higher branches to obtain young shoots for food. A master of camouflage, he stands under almost leafless trees, while the shadows of the branches cast on to his body break up his form to blend perfectly with his surroundings. His favourite diet is black mimosa sprigs and berries. When sensing danger he usually gives a bark, which can be heard at a great distance, and puts all game within earshot on the qui vive.—(4) Impala drinking at the Reserve River in the Kruger National Park. These buck are not often found more than three miles from water, where they drink two or three times a day. Most other buck drink once a day. They run in large herds, hundreds strong, and are most graceful to watch as they make off when disturbed, often leaping to great

(Continued in Box 4.)



2. A WATERBUCK BULL, TAKING REFUGE BEHIND A TREE-TRUNK TO WATCH THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A MAJESTIC ANIMAL, WITH HORNS ABOUT 3 FT. LONG ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CURVE.

heights, like the springbok, to enable them to see lurking dangers. They do not often fall a prey to lions, but leopards take heavy toll. Their fear of crocodiles makes them very timid whilst drinking.

(5) Sable Antelope. These animals are rather more shy than other buck. The females, unlike most buck, have horns. The males are nearly black and their horns grow to about 4 ft. along the outside curve. Except the young ones, these buck are greatly respected by carnivora, for they are as quick as lightning with their rapier-like horns. Lions usually spring on the withers of their prey, breaking its neck as they pull it down, but the older sable are well protected by their long curved horns, and so are generally left alone." In the past few years the South African Railways, which have a route passing through the Reserve, have organised a series of tours to the Park, and it is now readily accessible to visitors, except during the close period, from November 15 to May 15. The Railway Administration has just issued a most interesting and beautifully illustrated brochure entitled "The Kruger National Park," which will be sent to our readers gratis on request to the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2. Incidentally, this Office of the South African Railways is also organising a special series of "Sun Health Tours" to South Africa during the coming winter, and particulars of these can also be obtained from the same address.



3. A MALE KOOODO, WITH SPIRAL HORNS ABOUT 6 FT. LONG ON THE OUTSIDE CURVE: A VERY GRACEFUL ANIMAL AND "A MASTER OF CAMOUFLAGE."



4. IMPALA DRINKING AT THE RESERVE RIVER IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK: TWO MALES AND TWO FEMALES—THEIR TIMID ATTITUDES (ESPECIALLY THAT OF THE DOE ON THE RIGHT) EXPRESSING THEIR INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF CROCODILES AND THEIR READINESS TO LEAP AWAY AT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF SUCH DANGER.



5. SABLE ANTELOPES: SHY ANIMALS TREATED WITH GREAT RESPECT BY LIONS AND OTHER CARNIVORA, BEING QUICK WITH THEIR RAPIER-LIKE HORNS.

The Charm of Indian Art: Ceremony; Seclusion; and Divinity.



A PICTURE IN WHICH THE PERSPECTIVE IS, TYPICALLY, PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTEAD OF VISUAL: "A ROYAL SALUTE"—A SPIRITED COPY OF A KURNOOL PAINTING OF THE MEDIEVAL HINDU (RAJPUT) SCHOOL.



"THE GARDEN": A CHARMING ILLUSTRATION FROM AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY INDIAN BOOK OF TRAVEL

We quote here a few sentences in description of the pictures reproduced on this page, by that well-known authority on Indian art, Dr. J. H. Cousins. He will be remembered for his description of a number of Indian pictures that were shown at the Faculty of Arts Gallery in Piccadilly in 1928, and reproduced in our Christmas Number a year later. "'The Garden,'" writes Dr. Cousins, "an illustration from a manuscript book of travel in North India in the eighteenth century, with its quaint formalism, manages to glow with a delightful life.



"RADHA". THE CONSORT OF SRI KRISHNA DEPICTED WITH A BLEND OF CELESTIAL ALOOFNESS AND HUMAN CHARM.

Another example, 'A Royal Salute,' probably dating from the late eighteenth century, depicts the ceremonial life at the Court of a Hindu chief. This picture is an example of the liberties that an Indian artist has always felt free to take with the supposed record of the normal eye . . . The same psychological perspective is seen in Chinese and Japanese painting. . . . Radha, the consort of Sri Krishna . . . is depicted, as in an eighteenth-century Rajput painting, with a blend of celestial aloofness and human charm, each tempering the other."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE LUCK OF THE CAMERA.

IN the making of wild-animal pictures the element of luck inevitably plays a larger part than in any other type of film production—a truism exemplified in a remarkable way in "Bring 'Em Back Alive," now running at the Tivoli. A number of very fine photographs from this film appeared in our issue of July 23. Mr. Frank Buck, leader of the Van Beuren-Buck expedition to the Malayan jungle (of which the film is a record), is a big-game collector for "zoos" of more than twenty years' experience; But, though he has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of jungle beasts and the hazardous experiments involved in "bringing them back alive," this first pictorial record of his activities as a trapper owes no little of its interest to those uncalculated happenings that make the humour and tragedy of all such expeditions.

Preparations for the great adventure were necessarily made on an elaborate scale; amenities in regard to British, French, and Dutch authorities had to be observed, and attention given to such important details as the provision of hand-woven lasso ropes and special ammunition which would be immune to the climatic conditions of the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra. As far as the technical equipment and intentions of the expedition were concerned, all went strictly according to plan, and, after a three-weeks' wait in the stockade headquarters, erected fifty miles within the depths of the jungle, the first prospective captive, a thirty-foot python, was discovered. What Mr. Buck had not reckoned upon, however, was the opportunity of securing pictures of this monster reptile in deadly battle with a tiger—a sequence that reveals all the details of sinuous, suffocating defence, all the lithe beauty and savagery of snarling attack. That the fight was apparently called off by mutual consent enabled Mr. Buck to secure his living trophy—a comparatively tame proceeding.



"THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP," PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE CARLTON: CHARLES LAUGHTON AS THE INSANELY JEALOUS SUBMARINE COMMANDER, AND TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS HIS WIFE.

"The Devil and the Deep" is Charles Laughton's first Paramount film. It is discussed in an extremely interesting article by our critic given on this page. Besides Charles Laughton, Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper are starred in it. The story deals with the insane jealousy of Commander Sturm, who seems to outsiders a jolly, fat man, and is really a thoroughly brutal husband. Sturm becomes madly jealous of the new Lieutenant in his submarine, one Sempter. His wife boards the submarine to warn Sempter; Sturm discovers her, and nearly wrecks the submarine in order to revenge himself.

Less exciting, perhaps, but full of "human" interest, was the happy accident that attracted the hunter's attention to the trumpeting of a baby elephant. The herd of which he was the most insignificant member had passed in ponderous array and been well and truly "shot." But the infant, intent on adventures of his own, was left behind. Promptly the camera seized its luck again, and recorded the distressful efforts of the lost child to find his family. Whether the interpolated pictures of a black panther—the suitably sable-coated villain of the piece—in pursuit of his unsuspecting juvenile prey are the result of what really happened, or an example of productional skill, is not revealed. But the ultimate rescue and capture of the baby elephant, and his subsequent installation as the pet and playmate of the expedition, brought an unexpected opportunity to a very happy ending. An even more harrowing, because apparently undirected, episode was the escape of the little honey-bear from her cage and her unwise investigation of the temper of a python—an injudicious inquiry that led to hurried and voluntary return to confinement.

Such side-lights as these, together with the antics of Percy, a fluffy-furred gibbon ape, whose acrobatic comments

on the bringing home of each addition to the growing menagerie are as patronising as they are graceful, cleverly interwoven with the main theme—the methods by which wild animals are captured for exhibition—make of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" a picture in which the instructional aspect is as thrilling as the comedy is entertaining.

CHARLES LAUGHTON IN "DEVIL AND THE DEEP."

Everyone who pays a visit to the Carlton during the current run of "Devil and the Deep" must wonder how it was that Mr. Charles Laughton was allowed to make his début on the talking-screen in an American picture. Here is an actor not only able to create character, but a ready-made star, and it is amazing that, with the scarcity of stellar talent in British studios, he was not given an opportunity in this country.

The film itself has more than one incredibility of situation, and the generally thoughtful and trenchant direction of Mr. Marion Gering is marred by conventional treatment and over-staging of several scenes, and by the anti-climax of the concluding sequence, which shows Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Mr. Gary Cooper setting forth on the path of happy-ever-after in a taxicab. Artistically and dramatically, the picture ends with the death of Commander Sturm, the madman who deliberately rams his submarine in order to trap his wife and her lover, and then commits suicide by drowning in his own cabin. To say that Mr. Charles Laughton succeeds in making this frankly melodramatic premise convincing is to pay the highest possible tribute to the uncanny way in which his personality and his acting dominate the film, even when he is absent from the screen, a domination in regard to which the spontaneous comment of my neighbour at the opening performance—"What's Laughton doing all this time? I know he's up to something"—is significant. For this is the secret of his power—the ability to produce an atmosphere of menace, insidious, all-pervading, no less potent in the moments during which he indulges in fatuous garrulity, in maudlin self-pity, or in hearty good fellowship, as when, ravaged by jealousy, he topples from the brink of insanity to the frenzied outbursts of actual madness—a repellent study, cunning, cruel, terrible, as implacable in its acceptance of self-destruction as it is defiant of sympathy. Only a supreme master of technique would have so consistently disdained any bid for compassion. Mr. Laughton is not concerned with sentiment or popular appeal. It is his business to act. And act he does, caring only that his impersonation shall reach the standards set by his individual conception of the actor's art.



CHARLES LAUGHTON AS STURM, THE SUBMARINE COMMANDER, WITH GARY COOPER AS LIEUTENANT SEMPTER, OF WHOM STURM IS JEALOUS: A SCENE IN THE SUBMARINE WHICH STURM NEARLY WRECKS IN REVENGE.

"LOVE ON WHEELS."

The place won by Mr. Jack Hulbert as a British screen comedian is unique, and his latest picture (at the Capitol), in which he is most ably partnered by Mr. Gordon Harker, will undoubtedly endear him to a still larger public. The

film tells a coherent story with infectious zest, and every little detail of comedy and action, of song and dance, has been most cleverly fitted by Mr. Victor Saville into a gaily coloured pattern of romance and adventure, its outlines sharpened here by satire, broadened there by burlesque.



GEORGE ROBEY GROWS A BEARD—THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMEDIAN WHO IS PREPARING TO TAKE THE PART OF SANCHE PANZA IN A FILM TO BE PRODUCED BY G. W. PABST.

Mr. George Robey, who some years ago appeared as Sancho Panza in a silent film entitled "Don Quixote," will again play the part in the talking version of Cervantes' classic, which is to be produced for the Nelson Film Company by Herr G. W. Pabst, the German director. The part of Don Quixote will be taken by M. Chaliapin.

The whole is, perhaps, a trifle too long, though it would be difficult to know which sequences could most easily be spared. Certainly none of those in which the two principals pursue their search for the little music student through a maze of night-clubs where Prohibition is an unknown word, and from which they emerge in a state that causes as much hilarity in their audience as bewilderment in themselves. Nor would it be possible to part with a moment of Mr. Harker's supremely funny escapades when, endeavouring to retrieve his bus-conductor's uniform from the window of a great store (Selfridge's, to be exact), where he has left it in the keeping of a wax figure for the night, he is chased from department to department by an infuriated crowd of assistants and customers, to whose shocked reproaches, when caught, he proffers the startling information that the whole thing was an advertising stunt. Such scenes as these, beautifully acted, admirably staged, are of the essence of that mobile broad comedy which only the kinema can contrive. And Mr. Harker, with his comic seriousness, his downright good sense, his infallible ability to know exactly where to stop, is past-master of all that they imply.

As for Mr. Hulbert, his dancing, his singing, his off-handed treatment of success and failure are irresistible. If it is possible to single out one episode in which he shines to particular advantage, perhaps the palm should be given to his window advertisement demonstration and the parody of Al Jolson as a purveyor of Empire goods. But his less spectacular moments are just as amusing—whether as the store employee who earns his living by being sacked, the paid scapegoat of other people's mistakes; as the would-be purchaser of a hat in a rival establishment; or when bargaining over the amount of his salary as publicity manager with his former

employer. In every scene he extracts the last ounce of humorous possibility from his material, adorning all that he does, or says, or sings, or dances with the impress of the true comedian whose grasp of screen technique is as sure as his natural ability is great.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is not so necessary nowadays, apparently, as it was a few years ago, for a patriotic Briton to disapprove of the Germans. What with international conferences, holiday-making on the Continent, and the Goethe centenary, there has been a considerable advance on the fraternisation front. This tendency has shown itself likewise in current literature, as by the exchange of books through translation. (I sometimes wonder, by the way, whether the Continent gets quite as many translations of English books as we get of foreign ones—German and otherwise.) It may be a symptom of the same condition—I should not like to call it a disease—that there seems to be a revival of interest in a bygone author who was our leading "pro-German" of his day. It is significant, too, that the latest example of this revival is of American origin, namely, "CARLYLE." By Emery Neff (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). The frontispiece portrait, an unusual and attractive one, is merely entitled "Carlyle in 1846" (i.e., at the age of fifty-one), but the name of the artist is not given, and the author only mentions that he is indebted for it to the New York Public Library.

Mr. Neff, hitherto perhaps better known in the United States than over here, will undoubtedly gain many new friends among English readers by this excellent biography, which not only gives a vivid portrait of Carlyle himself, but paints the background of nineteenth-century life that formed the setting of his career, and affords many glimpses of famous contemporaries with whom he came in contact. The author has evidently studied his local colour on the spot, both in England and Scotland, and has carefully collated the biographical material. His grasp of the subject is manifest on every page, and he conveys it in a close-knit and thoroughly readable narrative. Mr. Neff is not an exponent of what has been called "the new biography." He concocts no impressionistic scenes or imaginary conversations, but in a straightforward style, and by judicious use of extracts from letters, he succeeds equally well in conveying the personal touch and a sense of actuality.

In his closing chapter, called "Fifty Years After," the biographer discusses the fluctuations of Carlyle's fame since his death, and the controversy over his married life that arose largely from errors of judgment on the part of Froude. Here, too, Mr. Neff touches on the point which I mentioned at the beginning—the effect of recent history on Carlyle's literary reputation. "The World War," we read, "brought a sudden change of values. Carlyle's championship of the Germany of the past, notorious in the *Frederick*, counted heavily against him in England, especially since it was easy to find in so paradoxical a writer apparent advocacy of the immoral use of force. After the Peace were raised the voices of indignant young men, blaming the Victorians somewhat indiscriminately for the complacency that had drifted into the catastrophe of 1914-18. Froude had saved Carlyle from the deflation to which white-washing biographers had exposed most of his contemporaries, including Tennyson; but he could not escape the inevitable reaction against the nineteenth century in favour of the eighteenth led by Mr. Lytton Strachey." In Germany to-day, we learn, Carlyle is very popular, and some 300,000 copies of selections from his works have been sold there since 1926.

Most readers, I fancy, are rather apt to take for granted Carlyle's pro-German predilections, and seldom inquire into their origin. In this respect, Mr. Neff's account of Carlyle's early life and religious difficulties is illuminating. Carlyle had been intended for the ministry, but at Edinburgh University he developed philosophic doubt. At the same time, he revolted against materialism and any idea of a mechanical universe. Hence, rather to the disturbance of his friend, Edward Irving, he sought a substitute for faith in German philosophy. When he first came to London, in 1824, he approached Coleridge for aid in this direction. Coleridge, however, by that time befogged with opium, proved disappointing. Carlyle, nevertheless,

pursued his German studies, and his "Life of Schiller" was his first important book. A little later on, Mr. Neff says: "He began to find solutions for the spiritual problems that had harassed him so long."

Similarly, in describing Carlyle's courtship of Jane Welsh, Mr. Neff brings out the fundamental divergences of taste and temperament which lay at the root of any subsequent marital friction—his love of quiet in rustic seclusion, contrasted with her preference for town life and her sociable vivacity. In old age, of course, Carlyle, like Tennyson, displayed an occasional bearishness. But there was another side to his nature. "In congenial society his conversation was charming, full of recollections of people and books, flashing into quaint turns of humour, as when he asked Darwin if there were any chance of men turning back into monkeys. Coming away from a luncheon at the age of eighty-two, he patted one of his nieces on the shoulder, saying, 'Well, Mary, we've had a pleasant visit, but we're both rather drunk.' The proper Scotch maiden protested in vain that she had touched only water." Assuredly, the grim philosopher had his human qualities. His latest biographer does full justice to them, and also to his importance as a social and political critic, especially in these days of economic chaos and crumbling democracy. "In the crisis he foresaw, Carlyle is being remembered."

Speaking for myself, as a partially modernised Victorian, I must confess that Carlyle's personality and the story of his life appeal to me more than his writings did when I tackled some of them in the days of my youth, though possibly, if I tried them again now, the effect would be different. My study of him—so far as it went—was inspired by a conscientious attempt to obey the author of "Culture and Anarchy," who defined culture as "getting to know, by reading, observing, and thinking, the best that has been thought and said in the world." Once, indeed, when invited to choose a book for a birthday present, I selected a three-volume edition of "The French Revolution," and I cherish it still; but it retains, I fear, too much of its pristine cleanness and is not so well thumbed as it ought to be. My copies of "Past and Present" and "Heroes and Hero-Worship" bear rather more marks of familiar usage. As a general rule, I preferred clarity

As a reviewer, I find it amusing to compare comments on the craft as it was a century or so ago with those of a modern critic. Concerning the London scribes of 1824, Mr. Neff writes: "For the mass of writers in those days of brutal reviewing and calumnious literary quarrels, Carlyle had abundant contempt: 'This rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute not only of high feeling or knowledge or intellect, but even of common honesty!'" The chief defect of the modern reviewer, it seems, is not so much brutality as satiety, according to the author of "CRITICISM." By Desmond MacCarthy (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). "Several most capable reviewers," he says, "have, I happen to know, almost entirely lost the faculty of reading. They can now only read to review. Why should a gardener take up a spade unless he is going to dig, or a dentist a pair of forceps unless he is going to pull out a tooth?" These two examples, I think, are not quite on all-fours. I have certainly never heard of a dentist taking "a busman's holiday," but professional gardeners have been known, when they have finished for the day with their employers' garden, to cultivate their own cabbage-patch.

Much reviewing may, indeed, become a weariness to the flesh, if "the batch" proves uncongenial, but personally, though I have been at it a good many years, I can still enjoy a book—such as this of Mr. MacCarthy's, for instance—which I find to my taste, and the trouble is too often that there is not time to savour it thoroughly. Furthermore, I find, there is pleasure to be got from reading books that one is not obliged to read. The enjoyment I derive from Mr. MacCarthy's essays is due to the beguiling chattiness of his style, his wide knowledge of books and men, and the penetrating insight with which he discusses all matters of literary aesthetics and technique. His present volume, he explains, is a selection "from the accumulation of many years of literary journalism," and he has given it unity by choosing from his articles on past writers those dealing with authors having affinities with contemporary literature. Thus, he relates Proust with Richardson, and David Garnett with Defoe. Among the moderns represented are D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and James Joyce. There are also several essays not restricted to one particular author, such as those on Modern French Literature and Notes on the Novel.

Literary subjects make my pen run on, and only a little space remains to enumerate some other interesting books of this character. Very impressionistic—almost a caricature of "the new biography"—is a little book on one of Carlyle's contemporaries and friends, "JOHN RUSKIN." By David Larg. With Frontispiece Portrait (Peter Davies; 5s.). To the same attractive series of short memoirs belongs "LEONARDO DA VINCI." By Clifford Bax. With Frontispiece Portrait (Peter Davies; 5s.). Leonardo was a pioneer of aviation (see the Italian air-mail stamps here illustrated) but, unfortunately, he has not left a record of his flying experiences, as a well-known modern writer has done in "A RABBIT IN THE AIR." Notes from a Diary Kept While Learning to Handle an Aeroplane. By David Garnett (Chatto and Windus; 5s.), a vivid little book that will fascinate all novices of the art. The use of the word "rabbit," by the way, seems to be a metaphor drawn from lawn tennis. Perhaps he will some day give us "Lady Into Flying-Fox"!

The work and principles of a still more discussed "modernist" are expounded briefly in "JAMES JOYCE AND THE PLAIN READER." An Essay. By Charles Duff. With Prefatory Letter by Herbert Read, Professor of Fine Art at Edinburgh University (Desmond Harmsworth; 2s.). I should like to have another Edinburgh opinion on "Ulysses"—that of Thomas Carlyle, himself something of an innovator in the use of language.

Among notable books which I hope to treat more fully anon are two volumes of verse—"THE POEMS OF T. STURGE MOORE." Collected Edition, Vol. II. (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), and "SONNETS OF LIFE." By Sir Leo Chiozza Money (Cobden - Sanderson; 4s. 6d.); also an interesting work of philological research in connection with social history, called "A SPELL OF WORDS." Studies in Language Bearing on Custom. By L. Eckenstein. Illustrated (Favil

Press; 7s. 6d.). The non-metrical Muse has inspired a suggestive and amusing "anthology" exemplifying the uses of our language for purposes of publicity—namely, "PROSE OF PERSUASION." A Collection of Advertising Copy Made by Thomas C. Steel (Grant Richards; 10s. 6d.). Of kindred interest, but more practical in aim and fuller in scope, is "ADVERTISING MEDIA." By Harold W. Eley. (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.). This book, Vol. III. in the Library of Advertising, should be valuable to all concerned in this essential department of commerce and journalism.—C. E. B.



LEONARDO DA VINCI: A NEW 100-LIRE AIR POST STAMP, COMMEMORATING ONE OF MAN'S EARLIEST EFFORTS TO CONQUER THE AIR. (MUCH ENLARGED.)

Perhaps the most interesting of the new Italian series illustrated on the opposite page is this Leonardo stamp—a striking design by Professor C. Mezzana. The portrait is posed against the background of a bat's wing. Hitherto the highest denomination of Italian air stamp has been 10 lire. The quotation under the portrait may be roughly translated: "Man with his great wings putting forth strength against the air will be able to conquer it and lift himself aloft."

of its pristine cleanness and is not so well thumbed as it ought to be. My copies of "Past and Present" and "Heroes and Hero-Worship" bear rather more marks of familiar usage. As a general rule, I preferred clarity

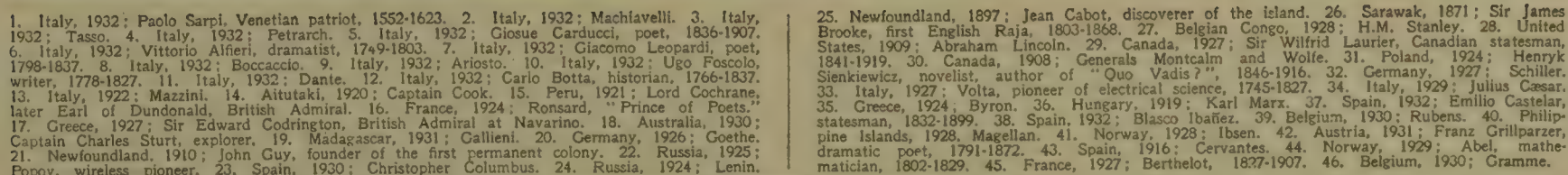


LEONARDO DA VINCI AND HIS FLYING MACHINE: STAMPS FROM THE AIR MAIL PORTION OF THE NEW ITALIAN ISSUE SUGGESTED BY THE DANTE ALIGHIERI SOCIETY. (BOTH SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.)

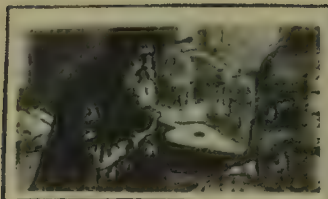
The left-hand stamp bears a portrait of Leonardo and some words of his to the following effect: "He will take his first flight, filling the world with astonishment." The stamp on the right is lettered: "The flying machine of Leonardo."—[Stamps Reproduced by Courtesy of Stanley Gibbons.]

and directness, in prose or verse, to anything complex or obscure. In those days my literary gods, among the moderns, were Tennyson, Stevenson, and Matthew Arnold (the last-named, of course, himself a good deal of a pro-German). Though I have often gazed with interest at the external features of Cheyne Row, I have never been able to regard the sage of Chelsea's London home with the emotions of a pious pilgrim, which I should feel at Fox How or in Laleham Churchyard, and did feel when I visited Farringford.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



his country's pride in her great sons. The new Italian issue, which is illustrated in Nos. 1 to 12, is of particular importance, not only for the interest of the subjects, but for the beauty of the designs. The Post Office at Rome has made the issue at the request of the Dante Alighieri Society—an institution which, in the words of Mr. Frederick Wall, writing in Gibbons' Stamp Monthly, "exists for the propaganda of Italian culture throughout the world."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

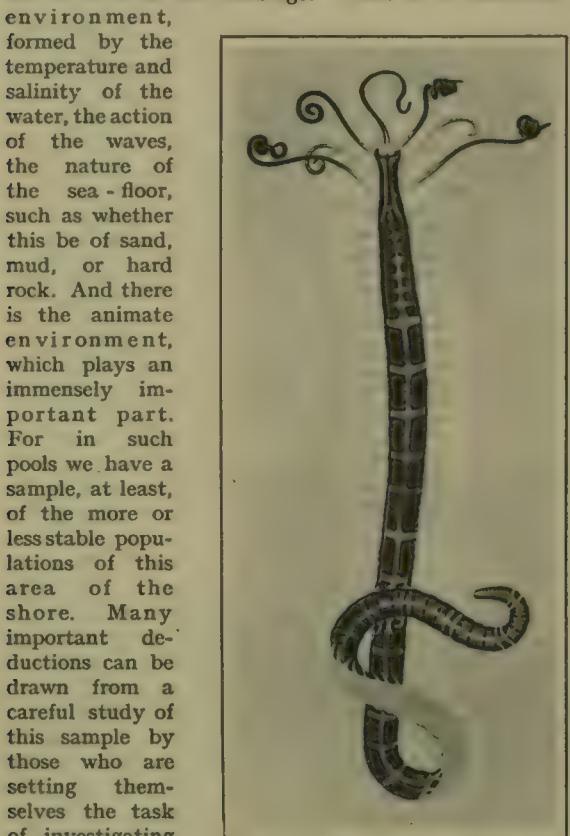


BRISTLE-FOOTED SEA-WORMS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I NEED, surely, make no apology for returning for one more essay on the theme of rock-pools, since the opportunity for this delightful form of hunting is somewhat limited. And, moreover, it affords an opportunity for introducing youngsters into an aspect of "nature study" which is likely to set them on the trail of unsuspected joys. The summer holiday by the sea, then, is a time full of promise. And, what is more, what is to be said on this theme is not to be regarded as restricted to favoured spots around the British Isles. It applies with equal cogency to the rock-pools of the Antipodes or of the Equator. And I well know that this page finds readers in the most unexpectedly remote places.

The inhabitants of these wonderful sampling-centres of nature will, of course, differ in regard to the variety of species they contain, but this adds to their charm. The types will be of the same kind in all—seaweeds, worms, molluscs, sea-urchins, crabs, fish, and so on. And this very fact adds to their interest, for it draws attention to one most important feature—the adjustment of these diverse living bodies to the same kind of environment. By environment we mean the relationship between the living body and its external surroundings. There is an inanimate environment, formed by the temperature and salinity of the water, the action of the waves, the nature of the sea-floor, such as whether this be of sand, mud, or hard rock. And there is the animate environment, which plays an immensely important part. For in such pools we have a sample, at least, of the more or less stable populations of this area of the shore. Many important deductions can be drawn from a careful study of this sample by those who are setting themselves the task of investigating that aspect of animal life which we call "animal ecology"—that is to say, the study which concerns habits, food, seasonal migrations, relative numbers and so on. Hence, then, it will be apparent that rock-pools furnish centres for the most profound scientific investigation, as well as of unalloyed delight for youngsters who can but dimly appreciate the wonders within their reach.



2. THE NON-SEXUAL "NURSE-STOCK" OF *AUTOLYTUS PICTUS*—THE FIRST STAGE IN THE WORM'S BEWILDERING LIFE-CIRCLE: A FORM WHICH WILL GROW "BUDS" PRODUCING FREE-SWIMMING INDIVIDUALS, MALE OR FEMALE. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

This worm is to be found in a translucent tube under stones, and lives well in captivity. It should be noted that males and females are apparently never both developed from the same "nurse-stock."

To-day I propose to direct attention to occupants of rock-pools and beaches laid bare by the tide, which must be sought for with some diligence. These are the marine worms known as the "bristle-footed worms," or *Polychaeta*. Admittedly they are not

lovely objects when dragged forth into the light of day—for they are nearly all burrowers—but, when seen in the water or in an aquarium, they become transformed into creatures of great beauty. No



1. THE SEA-WORM, *AUTOLYTUS PROLIFER*, A SINGULAR ANIMAL WHICH PRESENTS STRIKING CHANGES OF SHAPE DURING ITS LIFE HISTORY SEEN WITH ITS HEAD TO THE LEFT: ONE OF ITS REPRODUCTIVE FORMS, CONSISTING OF THREE INDIVIDUALS IN A CHAIN OF "BUDS," WHICH WILL BREAK AWAY TO FORM FREE-SWIMMING ORGANISMS. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

In *Autolytus* the "buds" are thrown off by a non-sexual "nurse-stock" roughly in the following manner. Some of the hinder segments of the non-sexual *Autolytus* develop eggs; and these segments take on a new shape, giving rise, when completed, to free-swimming instead of burrowing individuals. A new head is developed by each section before it severs connection with the parent body, and thus we have the three individuals in the chain illustrated here.

matter which of the hundreds of known species is being examined, it will always be worth while to compare it, at least mentally, with the earth-worms, for these were originally aquatic. The contrasts in structure, which are many, are all such as have been brought about by adjustments to the two very different modes of life. For, while both are burrowers in the soil, the one lives, so to speak, at the bottom of an ocean of air, and the other of water. This affects not merely the food, and method of feeding and of breathing, but also of their modes of reproduction. Varied and strange are these among the marine worms—in some cases altogether too complex in character to describe without the aid of technical terms. Three or four examples will suffice to give an insight into the very different means by which these nearly related living bodies attain the same end—if we may speak of an "end," when we have no reason to believe there is any consciousness or state of "awareness" of any "end" to be attained.

But, be this as it may, the life of any individual, to whatever race it may belong, is limited. If its kind, therefore, is to continue, it must leave descendants; and the methods of achieving this, especially among the lower orders of creation, are sometimes astonishing. Nowhere is this more true than among the *Polychaeta* worms. A case in point is furnished by the group known as the Nereids. It contains many species, and some, in the course of their life-history, present changes so complex that only the broad outlines can be given here.

In one of the simplest types, *Nereis pelagica*, we find that, on attaining to the adult stage, and the ripening of the eggs or the sperms as the case may be, the segments of the body which are concerned with the production of these germs take on an entirely new form, so that the body as a whole appears to be made up of two distinct portions. The first fifteen segments or so undergo no change; the rest, making up about two-thirds of the whole length, develop special swimming feet, much larger and more complicated than the anterior crawling feet, and new chetae, or bristles. So great is the change produced that the earlier naturalists regarded such transformed bodies as belonging to a distinct species—the Heteronereis.

But in another member of this genus *Nereis*—to wit, *Nereis dumerilii*—no fewer than five different adult forms may occur. In size, colour, mode of life, character of the eggs, etc., they all differ. The immature forms may, by precocious development, lay eggs while still retaining the Nereid form, or they may become "Heteronereids" while the reproductive elements are ripening. There are then three different forms of males and of females of this one species. One of these—the larger Heteronereid form—lives at the bottom of the sea, while the small Heteronereids

swim at its surface. In the genus *Syllis* we have a still more remarkable state of affairs. Here the reproductive region of the body at its anterior end develops a head, while still attached to the non-reproductive segments. When this process is complete, it breaks off and swims away as a separate individual.

But for a time the animal consists of two worms, each with its own head! And this process in *Autolytus* may go on till a string of worms is developed. There may be as many as sixteen, the head increasing in size from before backwards—that is to say, it is largest in the last one on the chain. All the individuals on one chain are of the same sex, and the two sexes are so widely different in appearance that at one time they were regarded as belonging to different genera! This form of reproduction is known as "gemination." When the eggs are set free they develop into minute, transparent, free-swimming organisms, moving about by means of cilia, and bearing not the remotest resemblance to worms of any kind. But such larvæ are quite at the mercy of the sea, and are drifted about by currents in all directions. In that way is the species spread. At certain periods of the year these frail bodies occur in swarms, providing food for larger creatures of many kinds, including fishes.

But, though with most worms the eggs are cast out into the sea to take their chance, some make provision for the growing larvæ, or they attach the eggs to the body. This may be done by means of a sticky substance which causes them to adhere to the scales



3. A FURTHER STAGE IN THE LIFE CYCLE OF *AUTOLYTUS PROLIFER*: A PELAGIC, OR FREE-SWIMMING, FEMALE EGG-BEARING INDIVIDUAL, BUDDING OFF FROM THE "NURSE-STOCK," CARRYING THE EGGS IN A POUCH UNDER HER BODY. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

Autolytus prolifer is one of those sea-worms in which the male so differs from the female that the two sexes were at one time actually placed in different genera by the old naturalists!

covering the body, as in "Polynoids," or they may be attached to leg-like processes under the body. In the female *Autolytus* (Fig. 3) they are carried in a special "brood-sac," formed by the hardening of a special fluid secretion. Here the eggs develop until they emerge in a worm-like form, a sort of miniature of the parent. As many as 300 eggs may be carried in one of these brood-sacs.

The list of our British species of *Polychaeta* worms is too long to give here. But some species should be specially sought for, and placed in a bowl of sea-water, for temporary study, or in an aquarium. The "Serpulids," which live in shelly tubes, are especially beautiful, owing to the crown of tentacles they thrust out when all is quiet. The Sabellids found in tubes of mud or sand are equally beautiful.



4. THE TUBE-DWELLINGS OF A "SERPULID" WORM: THE WHITE STONY TUBES ON A PECTEN SHELL.

There are many species of these tiny worms, which form white stony tubes attached to the oyster and the scallop. Placed in water they throw out a crown of gaily-coloured tentacles; in the centre is a "stopper" which closes the tube when the tentacles are withdrawn.

THIS YEAR'S ECLIPSE OF THE MOON: A SPECTACLE FOR SEPTEMBER 14.

DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTION BY LUCIEN RUDAUX.



HOW THE MOON, ON SEPTEMBER 14, WILL TRAVERSE THE CONE OF THE EARTH'S SHADOW (INVISIBLE IN SPACE, BUT REPRESENTED HERE DIAGRAMMATICALLY): A DRAWING TO SHOW THE MOON'S ENTRANCE INTO THE SHADOW, AT 20 H. 18 M.; THE GREATEST PHASE OF THE ALMOST TOTAL ECLIPSE, AT 22 H.; AND THE MOON'S EMERGENCE FROM THE SHADOW, AT 23 H. 42 M.



THE LUNAR ECLIPSE OF SEPTEMBER 14: SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF THE PHENOMENON, AT INTERVALS OF HALF AN HOUR (FROM 8 P.M. TO MIDNIGHT), SHOWN IN DIAGRAM FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—THE DIRECTION CORRESPONDING TO THE MOON'S APPARENT COURSE PRODUCED BY THE GENERAL MOVEMENT OF THE HEAVENS.

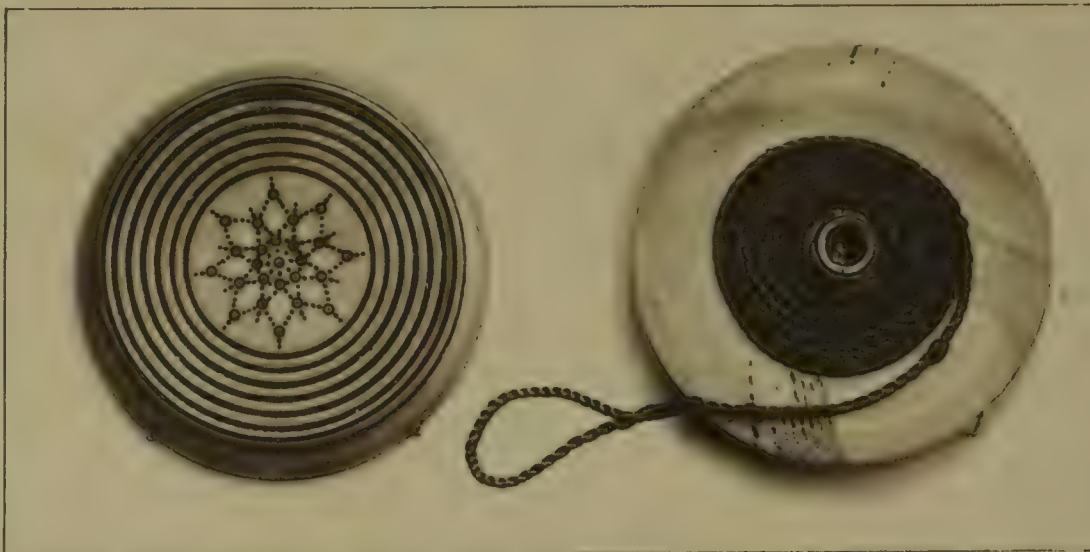
"Last year," writes M. Lucien Rudaux, the well-known French astronomer, in an explanatory note on his drawings given above, "we twice enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of an eclipse of the Moon. This year is more niggardly in this respect, as in our part of the world this phenomenon will be seen only once—on September 14—that is, assuming atmospheric conditions are favourable. This time, as shown in the diagrams illustrating the sequence of phases, our satellite will not disappear totally in the Earth's shadow. Disappearance, as a matter of fact, is not quite the right word, for, as everyone knows, the lunar disc remains always visible during an eclipse, although deprived of its direct illumination from the Sun, but it loses its brilliance and seems to be lit by the reflection of some mysterious fire. The hues then assumed by the Moon, it may be recalled, are due to the solar rays which glance over the Earth across the atmosphere, are

refracted thereby, and thus penetrate into the cone of shadow, finally giving the Moon a kind of sunset tint. The beauty and variety of these colours sometimes enhances the interest of such an astronomical event. It is curious, during total eclipses, to watch the silver of the Moon's disc turning to a dull copper, and to see in the sky only a glow, whose peculiar glimmer, leaving to the night all its depth, no longer sheds any actual light over the landscape. The spectacle of September 14 will be of the same character, but slightly different, though equally beautiful. For the delicate luminous segment that will remain visible at the upper edge of the Moon's orange-coloured disc will appear, by contrast, exceedingly brilliant. Thus our satellite will look like some glittering celestial jewel. As night will have completely fallen, it may be possible to follow the succession of these various phases from the very beginning of the phenomenon."

YO-YO THROUGH THE AGES: THE ANTIQUITY OF A CURRENT PASTIME.



A YO-YO OF THE PERIOD OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS: AN INSTRUMENT MADE OF TWO DISCS OF IVORY JOINED BY A BRASS CORE.



THE SAME YO-YO WITH THE TWO HALVES TAKEN APART: ON THE RIGHT, THE STRING COILED ROUND THE HOLLOW BRASS CORE OR AXIS, INTO WHICH A KNOT AT THE END OF THE STRING FITS.

Two Upper Photographs Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner, R. P. Cave, Esq.



AN ANCIENT GREEK YO-YO: AN EARLY BANDALORE ON A VASE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT ATHENS DECORATED WITH MYTHOLOGICAL SUBJECTS; AND, IN THE CENTRE, A SECTION OF THE BANDALORE ITSELF.



PLAYING YO-YO IN THE LAND OF HOMER: A VASE-Painting in the Berlin Museum.



THE SENSATION BALL!
THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.

YO-YO AS THE RAGE IN THE 'SIXTIES: "RUDE BOYS" PERHAPS DOING "ROUND THE WORLD."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Few of the thousands who are to-day adept with a yo-yo realise that the game, or art, has a long history. At the end of the eighteenth century, yo-yo was being played by our forefathers and was in full swing. It was then called Bandalore; also "quiz" and Prince of Wales's toy—a name perhaps not unconnected with one of the illustrations on this page. Horace Walpole mentioned in 1790 that "Sir Harry Englefield . . . performed *en professeur* at the game I thought Turkish, but which sounds Moorish; he calls it *Bandalore*." But the "Oxford Dictionary's" definition of Bandalore starts another hare. Bandalore is "a toy containing a coiled spring which caused it, when thrown down, to rise again to the hand by the winding up of the string by which it was held." Did the early nineteenth-century yo-yo fan enjoy the unfair advantage of a spring? We



YO-YO AND A ROYAL SCANDAL IN 1791: SHERIDAN, MRS. FITZHERBERT, AND GEORGE IV. (THEN PRINCE OF WALES)—THE LATTER FOOLISHLY TAKEN UP IN HIS BANDALORE.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. J. W. J. Spiller, 28, Litchfield Street, W. C. 2.

have so far seen no account of any such model. Certainly this is not the case with the early Bandalore illustrated here, which is before us at the moment of writing. It is beautifully made, of ivory, and weighs about 3½ oz.; but its owner states that it is not so well balanced as its modern counterpart. It is made in two halves, which are screwed together by a brass core or axis. This is partially hollow. The string being knotted at the end, the knot is enclosed in the axis, and the string passes through the end of the axis and over its outside rim, thus being most effectively secured. That Bandalore did not die out in England in the nineteenth century is indicated by the drawing from "Punch" reproduced here. The date is 1862. What is still more surprising is that yo-yo was well known in antiquity, as witness the designs on ancient Greek vases shown above.

MARVELS OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE R.P.S.: THE SCALES OF A SOLE.

A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE 77TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



"SCALES ON THE SKIN OF A SOLE": A PHOTOMICROGRAPH BY RANALD RIGBY, F.R.P.S., SHOWING DETAIL INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE.

Some very wonderful studies of the minute in nature are shown, in the section of Photomicrography, at the Royal Photographic Society's Annual International Exhibition, the 77th of the series, opening to-day (September 10) in its galleries at 35, Russell Square. We reproduce here one of the most curious and interesting examples, a highly magnified picture of part of the skin of a sole, showing the intricate design of the tiny scales, rather resembling the shells of limpets, but with serrated edges. In this connection, we may note that in "The Standard Natural History" (edited by Mr. W. P. Pycraft) it is stated: "The coloured upper surface of a flat-fish generally bears a marked resemblance to the ground on which it lies; and these fishes possess a remarkable power of rapidly changing their colour to harmonise with the surroundings, the stimulus bringing about the

change being received through the eyes." Few people, when consuming a sole for dinner, realise the elaborate character of the decoration on the surface of its skin! Our readers will remember that we have from time to time illustrated various instances of artistic design in the small things of the natural world, as brought out by microphotography. A number of other remarkable instances are also shown in the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. Among them may be mentioned, to take only a few, the head of a wasp, the wing of a butterfly, a piece of deep-sea mud, a "landscape" in the wing of a house-fly, a section of a dog's tongue, a sheep tick, flies fighting, and the death-watch beetle. Through improvements in the modern lens, and technique generally, a great advance has been made in the representation of such subjects by camera and microscope.

A MARVEL AT THE R.P.S.: EXPOSURE BY HEAT-RAYS FROM FLAT-IRONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE 77TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE
ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WE illustrate here a striking example of infra-red photography to be seen at the 77th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, which it was arranged to open to the public to-day, September 10, in the Society's Galleries at 35, Russell Square, London. This exhibit, which is the work of Kodak Research Laboratories, is included in the section devoted to scientific and technical photography, and will be found in Room No. 4, on the second floor. An explanatory note on the subject, shown with the exhibit, describes the photograph reproduced in our lower illustration as "a portrait of a bust made in the darkness, using two electric flat-irons as sources of heat radiation." It was taken on an Eastman Infra-Red sensitive Plate, Type A, and the exposure was 1 hour, with a lens aperture of $f/4.5$. "The flat-irons," it is further explained, "were invisible to the eye when hot, and the appearance of glowing in the picture is due to the high intensity of invisible heat rays." A normal photograph of the same subject, shown in our upper illustration, is also exhibited. This was taken by ordinary studio lighting, on a panchromatic plate.



SHOWING THE SOURCE OF RADIATION BY WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW, OF THE SAME SUBJECT, WAS TAKEN IN A DARK ROOM: TWO ELECTRIC FLAT-IRONS (WHICH GAVE OUT HEAT RAYS) FLANKING A BUST—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ORDINARY STUDIO LIGHTING.



THE SAME SUBJECT PHOTOGRAPHED IN A ROOM COMPLETELY DARK, BY INVISIBLE HEAT RAYS FROM THE TWO ELECTRIC FLAT-IRONS, OF THE ORDINARY DOMESTIC TYPE, RUN AT NORMAL VOLTAGE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON AN INFRA-RED PLATE WITH AN EXPOSURE OF 1 HOUR AT $f/4.5$ LENS APERTURE.

MARVELS AT THE R.P.S.: AIR AND "SKYSCRAPER" VIEW-POINTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE 77TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



"SUNSET OVER NEW YORK CITY": AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT A. SMITH, F.R.P.S., SHOWING AN AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT (AGAINST THE LEFT-HAND PATCH OF CLOUD).

IT is interesting to compare, on this page, an aerial photograph of New York, seen from a great height, with one of Chicago taken from the top of a skyscraper, and having something of the character of air photography from a lower altitude. The sunset view of New York, with the towers of its lofty buildings rising like a spectral city below the clouds, a faint dark line indicating the suspension bridge, steamers on the waters beyond, and (near the centre foreground) an airship floating among the drifting clouds, forms one of the most picturesque examples of air photography that have ever been produced. Both these photographs are to be seen in the 77th Annual International Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society

(Continued above.)



"CHICAGO RIVER": AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH, BY F. G. KORTH, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER, AND SHOWING MOTOR TRAFFIC ACROSS A BRIDGE FAR BELOW.

(Continued.)

of Great Britain, which (as noted elsewhere) is due to open to-day in the Society's Galleries at 35, Russell Square, Bloomsbury. The exhibition is to remain open until Saturday, October 8. Besides the section of aerial and pictorial photography, to which the above exhibits respectively belong, it comprises a number of other departments of photographic work devoted to natural history, scientific and technical subjects, Press and publicity work, photomicrographs (of which a striking example is given on page 389 in this number), meteorological, geological, and metallurgical examples, infra-red and ultra-violet photography, lantern-slides and colour photographs. Every branch of the art of the camera is, in fact, well represented in this exhibition.

"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES ONE WONDROUS KIND!"



"NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT'S THE TROUBLE": THE "ZOO" DENTIST ATTENDS TWO PATIENTS IN THE MONKEY HOUSE—NO. 1 UNDER TREATMENT.



"BE BRAVE! IT WON'T HURT MUCH": PATIENT NO. 1 HAS A TROUBLESOME TOOTH EXTRACTED, WHILE NO. 2 WATCHES THE OPERATION APPREHENSIVELY.



"THIS IS GOOD FOR SORE GUMS": A LITTLE SOOTHING APPLICATION AFTER THE EXTRACTION.



"THAT WAS FINE—NOW, WHAT ABOUT SOME GRAPES?" THE REWARD OF ENDURANCE.



"LIKE TO SEE YOURSELF IN THE MOUTH-MIRROR?" RELAXATION AFTER THE ORDEAL.



"AND NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU": THE DENTIST TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO NO. 2.



"FOR THERE WAS NEVER YET PHILOSOPHER THAT COULD ENDURE THE TOOTHACHE PATIENTLY."



"OPEN THE MOUTH WIDE!" A PRELIMINARY INSPECTION OF THE OFFENDING MOLAR.

Toothache is one of those ills which animals to some extent share with the human race, and we can all sympathise with these two little sufferers in the Monkey House at the "Zoo." They bore their ordeal, it seems, with endurance and fortitude, and evidently had full confidence in their dentist, Mr. Kemp, who handled them with tact and sympathy, and duly rewarded them for good

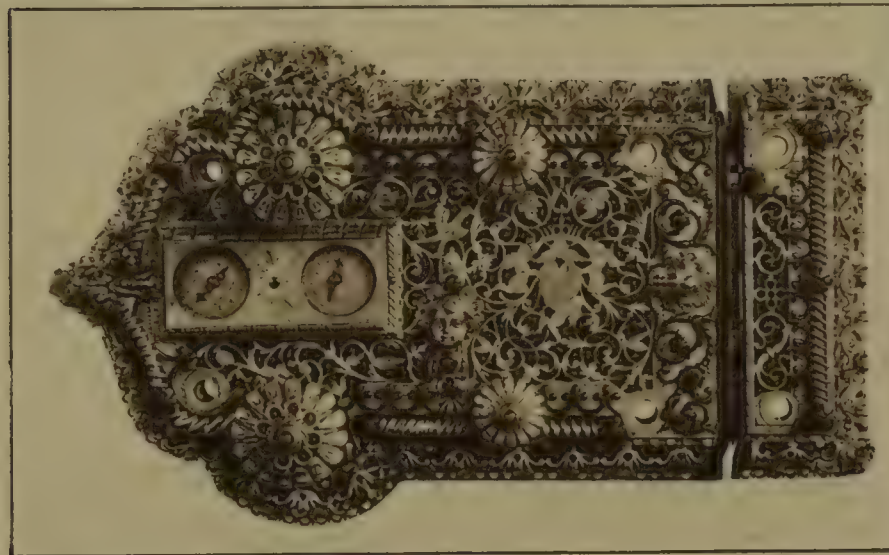
behaviour. The dental work at the "Zoo" is a side of its activities with which the general public is not familiar, and these photographs are therefore of quite unusual interest. The dentist makes his regular rounds, and with some of his patients he has to exercise many wiles in order to induce them to submit to examination and treatment.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A MASONIC PILGRIMAGE TO THE FARNE ISLANDS: THE SCENE DURING THE OPEN-AIR SERVICE FOR MASONS AND THEIR WIVES AT ST. CUTHBERT'S COVE.

There was an open-air service, conducted by Canon Rees, Rector of Rothbury, and the Rev. H. Haslam, Vicar of Beadnell, at the pilgrimage of local Masonic lodges to the Farn Islands, off Northumberland, on September 4. On House Island, off Farn Island, St. Cuthbert lived as a hermit, building his hut with his own hands. Here he died in 687, on September 4, according to tradition. The Farn Islands were, further, the scene of Grace Darling's famous exploit.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A LOCK DATING FROM CHARLES II.'S TIME. (LENGTH, 10½ INCHES.)

This lock bears the signature of Richard Bickford, who was working in London during the reign of Charles II. The lock case is of pierced and gilt brass. Of the two glazed dials, the one on the left indicates the number of times the lock has been opened; that on the right is a dummy. The engraved arms are those of Cosimo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who visited England in 1669. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)



THE "FLYING FAMILY" WHICH REACHED GREENLAND IN ITS AERIAL JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO EDINBURGH: MR. HUTCHINSON WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and their family left New York on August 23 to fly to Edinburgh. They left Hopedale, Labrador, on August 23 for Godthaab, in Greenland, about 700 miles away. Here they landed successfully, although the Greenland Administration had earlier refused Mr. Hutchinson's request to be allowed to land.



THE NEW LINER LAUNCHED AT BARROW FOR THE NEW YORK AND BERMUDA TRADE: THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA" TAKING THE WATER.

At Vickers-Armstrong's shipyard at Barrow the launch took place on September 1 of the luxury liner "Queen of Bermuda," built for the Furness Withy Company for their New York to Bermuda service. She was launched by Lady Cubitt, wife of Sir Thomas Cubitt, Governor of Bermuda. The new ship is specially designed for her trade, and will be driven by turbo-electric machinery operating four propellers. Her speed will be about 20 knots. She is described as an improvement on the "Monarch of Bermuda," which was completed last year at the same firm's Walker Yard.



A NOVEL FORM OF ATTRACTION IN AMERICA: A REAL RAILWAY SMASH STAGED BEFORE A LARGE CROWD IN AID OF CHARITY.

A correspondent supplies the following note to the above photograph: "This head-on collision of two freight locomotives was staged at the Iowa State Fair to provide a thrill for depression entertainment. A crowd of 55,000 persons came to see the spectacle, in spite of cold, steady rain. Several miles of track had been built for the crash, which took place before the grand stand."



A NAVAL DISPLAY GIVEN BY H.M.S. "PRESIDENT," MOORED IN THE THAMES: THE R.N.V.R. TRAINING-SHIP DURING A SHAM NIGHT TORPEDO-ATTACK.

H.M.S. "President," the R.N.V.R. drill-ship alongside the Embankment at Blackfriars E.C., gave an exhibition of repelling a night torpedo-attack on September 5 and on subsequent nights. The ship was in complete darkness, and the Port of London Authority aided realism by allowing searchlights to be used when commercial craft were not navigating the river. A motor-boat represented the attacking destroyer. Fire-stations were also demonstrated.



A HISTORICAL PAGEANT ON THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF LACOCK ABBEY: THE FOUNDRESS IMPERSONATED BY THE PRESENT OWNER.

A historical pageant of thirteenth-century life was held recently at Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, to commemorate its foundation, 700 years ago, by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in memory of her husband. She herself was impersonated by the present owner of the Abbey, Miss Talbot, who is seen in our photograph heading a procession.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

GOOD PROPORTIONS: FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

this point I have chosen a few small writing-tables which are uncommonly good of their kind and period. Tastes are happily various, and I don't ask you to admire each individual piece: none the less, it may be interesting to look at each one carefully, and to note how the workmen of two countries tackled a similar problem and achieved a not dissimilar result.

Figs. 1 and 2 are separated in time by about thirty years, and in character by the innumerable

gulf between the really good and the not quite so good. It is scarcely necessary to point out how this type of small table was copied, mostly in satinwood, with much less elaboration of detail, but with great success, by English makers of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Now come from Paris to London, and go back nearly a century to Fig. 4—a walnut piece of about 1690—and compare this with Fig. 1 and with Fig. 3. Except for the legs, the English writing-table of 1720 has not changed very much. There is a vast difference between the French piece of 1780 and the English example of 1690: the sloping lid has gone, and the later piece is less top-heavy, but fashion has gone back to the old convention in one respect at least, though the point is not very obvious at first sight.

The legs of 1780

THE other day, two women half-rose from their seat in front of me on the top of a bus and prepared to descend. As they brushed past, I overheard the following conversation:

"Such adorable legs, you know."

"French, I suppose?"

"No—some French, some English."

Heaven knows what was the subject of their talk—whether dancing-girls, or dogs, or horses, or inanimate objects; nor does it matter, though, given your leave, I think I could continue the dialogue prettily enough to the extent of a page or two. As it was, I descended in my turn, with the subject of this article already buzzing in my head.

Legs are reasonably important in any article of furniture, and can make or mar its appearance: conversely, the most elegant legs cannot retrieve a clumsy body from failure. The early cabinet-maker had his lapses, but he rarely transgressed those unwritten laws of proportion which can neither be taught nor described, and in his most distinguished work, whether French or English, he combined the soundest craftsmanship with a niceness of eye which is still the despair of his descendants. To illustrate



1. A CONTRAST IN STYLES: ENGLISH ELEGANCE EXEMPLIFIED IN A WALNUT WRITING-TABLE WITH CABRIOLE LEGS. (C. 1720.)

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.



2. A CONTRAST IN STYLES: FRENCH ELEGANCE TYPIFIED IN A WRITING-TABLE, MAINLY IN TULIP-WOOD WITH DARK INLAIS, AND ALSO HAVING CABRIOLE LEGS. (C. 1750.)

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons.

accidents of fashion. The former is English, of about the year 1720, possibly earlier; the latter is French, and can be dated about 1750—a luxurious and elaborate little work of art, mainly of tulip-

wood, with darker inlay. It is one of those exceedingly pretty pieces which Edwardian biographers of the lives of frail and notorious ladies of the French Court loved to write about as having witnessed the scribbling of oh! so many *billets-doux*—a piece, in short, which almost asks to be sentimentalised over. None the less, for all its refinement and delicate elaboration, it has a great deal in common with the more sober and earlier English example: the pitch of the lid is less abrupt, the cabriole legs are a trifle more accentuated, but I doubt whether, if we think only of its general good form and rhythm, it is really superior to the simpler and more downright walnut writing-desk. This latter would have been just as easy to sentimentalise over as the little tulip-wood desk—if only the first of our Hanoverian Kings had not had such a deplorable taste in mistresses. Whatever may be said of the ladies of the Court of Louis XV., they had at least style, and a smattering of the arts, while the two favourites of George I., Mesdames de Schlenberg and Kielmansegge—the one, tall and lean, known as the Maypole, the other, for equally cogent reasons, as the Elephant, were singularly unattractive both in mind and person; nor does their advancement in the English peerage, as my ladies of Darlington and Kendal respectively, do anything to endear them to searchers after romance.

No, these walnut pieces stand on their merits as comely and practical articles of furniture—and the lighter French examples would do the same if our minds had not been smothered for so long under a blanket of irrelevant gossip about the presumably wicked people who used them.

Turn now to a still later type, that of Fig. 3, another extremely fine French writing-table of about 1780, also mainly of tulip-wood, with most delicate inlay. This is about as good an example of the simple but costly refinement of the period just before the Revolution as one can wish to see, and it is, perhaps, worth pointing out how easily the maker could have spoilt the whole effect by—shall we say?—thickening the legs a quarter of an inch, or raising the top part a trifle. A beautifully proportioned piece such as this looks so inevitable when one is standing before it, and it is very easy to forget how narrow is the

are straight—and so are, to all intents and purposes, the legs of 1690, for your seventeenth-century workman in walnut would have been horrified at a purely simple tapering leg not turned on a lathe and unadorned with knobs: all the same, *structurally*, this piece rests on four supports which are perfectly straight, just like those of the Louis XVI. piece.



4. A QUAIN OLD ENGLISH WRITING-TABLE WHICH HAS A CHARM ALL ITS OWN: A PIECE IN WALNUT DATING FROM ABOUT 1690, AND HAVING STRAIGHT LEGS TURNED ON A LATHE.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.



3. A FRENCH WRITING-TABLE OF THE LATTER PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH IS A MASTERPIECE OF GOOD PROPORTION AND RESTRAINED WEALTH OF ORNAMENT: AN EXAMPLE CARRIED OUT IN VARIOUS WOODS—CHIEFLY TULIP, ROSE, AND BOX; AND HAVING STRAIGHT LEGS.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons.

All this, of course, proves nothing of any consequence, but it does show how four unknown craftsmen, separated by many years and many miles, solved the very pretty problem of producing a small writing-table of the best materials.



Thank goodness for Gas!

THE BEDROOM FIRE

WHAT a different place a bedroom becomes when a gas fire is installed there! The luxury of it! The convenience of it! The cleanliness, the healthiness, the *economy* of it!

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

NEW WORKS BY RICHARD STRAUSS.

THE only novelty during the past week at the Promenades was the first performance on Thursday night of "Four Entr'actes" from the opera "Intermezzo," by Richard Strauss. This opera which was composed more than ten years after "Der Rosenkavalier," has never been performed at Covent Garden, nor, judging from these four instrumental interludes, is it ever likely to be performed there. These four instrumental pieces are, moreover, considered by many Continental critics to be the best part of the opera. If this is so, we can only hope that nobody will be so misguided as to produce "Intermezzo" in London, for they display a complete bankruptcy of musical inspiration. They are described as "Travel-fever," "Reverie by the Ingle-nook," "At the Gaming Table," and "Happy Ending" respectively, and Strauss uses a large orchestra, including a piano-forte. It is almost unbelievable that a composer of such genius as Strauss once showed himself to be can have produced such empty, perfectly futile music. These pieces are nothing but noisy bustle and triviality, and although one recognises everywhere Strauss's hand in the skilful orchestration and the musical idiom, yet nowhere is there any real expression. It is all manufactured, and empty of thought or feeling.

A UNIQUE PHENOMENON.

Strauss, who was born in 1864, and is, therefore, sixty-eight years of age, presents a unique case, as far as I know, in the history of music. There is no other instance of a musician of undoubted genius showing the deterioration in his later years that Strauss has shown. From his tone-poem, "Don Juan," composed in 1897 at the age of thirty-three, up till the "Sinfonia Domestica," composed in 1905, a certain development was perceptible, and it is hard to believe that such a masterpiece as "Till Eulenspiegel" will not last as long as any music we know of. No living composer has produced works of such indisputable originality and talent as "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Quixote," and the "Sinfonia Domestica." In a different style, the opera "Der Rosenkavalier" is, perhaps, the most attractive opera that has been composed since the death of Verdi. But Strauss's latest works, his "Alpine Symphony," and these pieces from "Intermezzo," for example, are as empty and banal as if all

virtue had gone from their composer. This is quite contrary to what usually happens, for all great composers in the past have gone from strength to strength, and their last works are in many respects always their best.

A MENDELSSOHN EVENING.

For the first time, I believe, in the history of the "Promenades," a whole night was devoted to Mendelssohn, on Tuesday, beginning with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, and including the "Italian" symphony and the violin concerto. The latter was played by Miss Isolde Menges, who gave one of the best performances of this charming work that I have ever heard. She played with breadth, spontaneity, and warmth; her bowing was free and firm, and her tone and intonation admirable. I have always considered her as one of our best violinists, and she seems to me to be still developing. Mr. Robert Easton sang "I'm a Roamer" with the verve and clear diction one has learnt to expect from him; and Miss Noel Eadie, who sang those charming but now neglected songs, "On Wings of Song" and "Fairy Revel," was a welcome change from some of the sopranos we are accustomed to hear at the "Proms." It was a pleasure to hear such pure controlled tone, such clear articulation, and to hear each note distinctly in tune.

A BRAHMS NIGHT.

I am not sure whether composers ought to write for the contralto voice: it is so rarely that one hears a contralto who can control her voice and pitch it truly. The Brahms "Alto Rhapsody" is rather a lugubrious composition, and it was made still more so by Miss Muriel Brunskill's rather heavy and thick-toned singing. I got more pleasure from Mr. Lamond's performance of the B flat piano-forte concerto, although his was far from being a perfect performance. His rhythm was very unsteady, and he was by no means accurate. However, his performance had a certain vigour, and was never dull. In the Brahms symphony the orchestra rather fell from grace. Sir Henry Wood and his players seemed to have lost temporarily the elasticity and verve of the previous week. But there are occasions when things won't go quite right, and I have noticed that the orchestra often play better the whole night through if the concert has opened with a gay and lively overture. On this occasion the lugubrious "Alto Rhapsody" perhaps set the tone of the evening.—W. J. TURNER.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COLONEL FAWCETT.

(Continued from Page 375.)

Apparently the Colonel refuses to be rescued in prosaic style, for he has never walked out with any of these men, but has insisted that an expedition be sent after him, to be led by the story-teller. I suppose it is insisted on that radio and motion-pictures should form part of the equipment, and that publicity should attend its movements.

The exploitation of this human tragedy has been persistent ever since the friends of the lost men became apprehensive for their safety. Recently another story attracted the attention of the public. The informant was described as a trapper (of what, in that country?). It is significant that General Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, who knows Matto Grosso better than any man living, refused to be convinced. Yet, later, the Press spread the news that an expedition had been organised in Rio de Janeiro on the basis of this story, and two others had left for Brazil, one from England and one from the United States.

Among the friends of Colonel Fawcett and his two companions, speculation as to the probability of their being alive must be paramount. Let us consider these facts. The difficulties of travelling in the country are very great. Game is scarce and so is water, especially when marching away from the rivers, and yet the three men carried no food with them, and they had no guides. The two younger men were ill. The region is peopled with unfriendly natives. In all probability, the Kalapalu would know of the existence of white men in the region were they alive, yet they do not, and explain that they have fallen victims to the Kayapó, a tribe with whom they are not friendly. To balance this, Colonel Fawcett was experienced and resourceful. On the facts I know, I can formulate no explanation worth anything in my own mind. My only suggestion is that the aborigines know the story, and that it can be got from them by patience and tact.

The University of Pennsylvania Museum is planning an expedition to the region, to continue ethnological and archaeological investigation. It is proposed to establish a base on the outskirts of this area, and to make excursions to the villages that can be located. Probably about eight months will be spent actually in the field. There are many secrets which these people possess that the ethnologist wants. Fortunately, with the aid of Bakairi interpreters—there are only two of them who know some of the languages of the Kuluene peoples—and some Kalapalu who speak some of the languages of the forest aborigines, it will be possible for the ethnologist to carry on his investigations. In the event of the interpreters failing him, he will have to learn the language or languages himself. Perhaps, too, he may gather further information about Colonel Fawcett. Probably, he will have a better chance at arriving at the truth than the soldier of fortune, since it is his profession to extract from primitive peoples information of the most intimate sort. If these plans materialise, the expedition will leave some time at the beginning of 1933.



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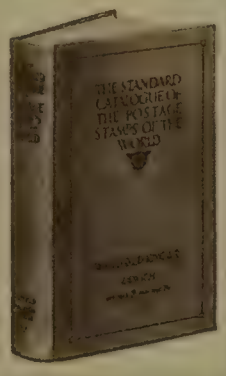
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WITH new postage stamps being turned out by the Government presses all over the world at the rate of half a dozen per day, there is no lack of new material to rekindle the flame of the collector's interest as the approach of autumn brings the stamp-album back to the library table.



BELGIUM: MONUMENT TO THE GLORY OF THE INFANTRY IN THE WAR.

Afghanistan has taken definitely to the picture stamp, but the views of the Palace and fortresses of Kabul, while broadly recognisable, lack Western finish. They will, however, be more accessible, as they will be more intelligible, to the general collector than those earlier medleys of native script which served so long for Afghani stamps.

Belgium has produced a picture of the monument at Brussels to the glory of the Infantry, on two handsome new stamps, 75 centimes red-brown, and 1'75 franc blue, which, however, sell at 4 francs and 6 francs respectively, the supplementary charge being collected to help to pay for the memorial.

The new air-mail stamps from Colombia are striking in their colour contrasts, and interesting for the subjects depicted. All are bi-coloured, and the central panels tell of this South American Republic's wealth in coffee (5 centavos), cattle (10c.), petroleum (15c.), bananas (20c. and 40c.), gold (2 pesos), and emeralds (3 and 5 pesos).

Hungary has made a departure from her long familiar designs of the Iron Crown and Royal Palace, and has given us a fine photogravure series of miniature portraits of Magyar celebrities, poets, doctors, statesmen, a musician, painter, explorer, and mathematician. Only a proportion of the names will be generally familiar to British readers, notably the composer Liszt (20 filler, red), the painter Munkacsy (40f. blue), the patriot Kossuth (30f.), and the statesman Count Tisza (32f.).



NEWFOUNDLAND: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S PORTRAIT ON THE LATEST STAMP.

Lithuania has provided herself with a new set of pictorial stamps of oblong form, for ordinary postage purposes, and a set of eight stamps of triangular shape for air mail. They are mostly in delicate tints, the ordinary postage series depicting views of Vilna, Kovno, the G.P.O., and Government buildings. The values are 5, 10, 15, 25, 50, and 60 cents, 1 litas, and 3 litai. The three-cornered air stamps show a map of the country, with hints as to territory which the Lithuanians think ought to be theirs (on the 5 and 10c.), and views of churches (15c., 20c., 40c., 60c., 1 and 2l.).

Newfoundland has added a pleasing portrait of the Duchess of York to the series of stamps issued last January. It is a 7 cents denomination, printed in rose-brown. An 8 cents red shows the Corner Brook Paper Mills, and a 24 cents bright blue presents a wharf-side scene at Bell Island, where iron ore is being loaded into ships. Due to changes in the postal tariff, four of the stamps of the original series have appeared in new colours: they are 1 cent (codfish) slate, 2 cents (King George) green, 4 cents (Prince of Wales) rose-carmine, and 5 cents (caribou) bright purple.



RUSSIA: THE ARCTIC BASIN MAPPED ON NEW STAMPS.

costs another 50 centavos for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Quite a curiosity in stamp designs is that which figures on two stamps just issued by Russia for use in connection with the Polar Expedition. The design is by Professor J. J. Dubassoff, and incorporates a map of the Arctic basin, with the discoveries of last year's expedition indicated, the scientific accuracy of the map being vouched for by Professor Zuboff, of the Arctic Institution. In a panel at the left the Soviet ice-breaker *Sibiria* is seen amid ice-floes, and in communication with an aeroplane.

Italy having celebrated the fiftieth year of the death of Garibaldi with stamps, San Marino has followed the example. There are eight stamps in two designs, the first having a portrait in a panel with a famous Order of the Day issued by the patriot in 1849, and the second showing Garibaldi's arrival in the tiny republic.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ACCORDING to the automobile coachwork painter, the colour blue is the popular fancy at the moment. But fashion leaders, as far as colours are concerned, have short lives. Green may displace it to-morrow, as black or brown did yesterday. Perhaps when I say blue is the predominating hue of the majority of new cars to-day, I ought to qualify it by stating "blue in its various shades." Sparrow-egg blue for sports cars, purple-blue shades for saloons, which may even tone down to maroon. That colour really is a purple red, and in its darker shades a red-purple red, and so escapes from the blue. Bright scarlet and primrose yellow are also having their share of patronage from the sports type of automobile purchasers. But whether London or Paris has the most bizarre mixtures in light tones of its cars is difficult to decide. I do know that the Parisienne is having her costume to match the coachwork, or ought I to put it the other way round?

A drop-head coupé appeared in the Bois recently with its body and bumpers in majestic blue, mouldings in cardinal red, and door saddle in primrose yellow. Designers are also introducing purple and purple-red-purple in combination with green yellow and green-yellow-green as striking colour schemes for the new season's carriages. As far as 1932 is concerned, however, blue seems to be well ahead of black, which was the second best choice, followed by green. Brown, maroon, and grey were a long way behind these,

according to the official colour index of the various paint manufacturers' statistical bureaux. I mention these facts in order that my readers can keep in the fashion, or strike out in a colour shade of their own for their motor-cars.

Car Equipment:
Some New
Devices.

The chief cause of complaint by a large proportion of the promotoring public in the cities is the needless noise from the exhaust of many cars and business vans. As a matter of fact, a large number of convictions were made during the past twelve months for this offence (noisy vehicles), but it will always remain a matter for the actual owner and driver to settle satisfactorily. Therefore I have no hesitation in drawing attention to an improved silencer, marketed wholesale by Brown Bros., Ltd., of Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.2, and so obtainable from garages in all parts of the United Kingdom. This is the Burgess straight-through silencer. Its internal structure has not the usual form of baffle-plates. The design is such that silencing is secured by absorption, no restriction whatever being placed on the outflowing gases, and consequently no back pressure is created. The Burgess "straight-through" silencer consists of an inner perforated tube, surrounded by an acoustic filling, encased in an outer tube and sealed at both ends. There are sizes for all types of cars, and prices range from a guinea. Owner-drivers will appreciate the Alerta ignition tester, as this device enables the driver to carry out tests of the ignition system of the

car from the driving seat while the car is in progress. The Alerta consists of four or six leads—according to the number of cylinders of the engine—which are connected at one end to the sparking-plugs and at the other to a dial on the instrument panel of the car. This dial has windows, behind each of which is a small test lamp, each window representing one cylinder. Should the unit be firing correctly, when the indicator is pointed to its corresponding number on the dial, a deep red glow is seen. Partial failure is indicated by a faint or an intermittent glow, and a serious fault by no light at all showing in the window tested. The apparatus is easily fitted. Its cost is thirty-five shillings, and it is helpful in quickly tracing the cause of irregular or faulty running of the engine due to ignition trouble.

Monte Carlo
Annual Rally.

The Sports Club of Monaco has already issued the regulations for the next motor-car Rally to Monte Carlo. It is a sign that this year of motoring is nearing its end and another year is beginning. For, whatever other continents may have to say, Europe hails the Monte Carlo Rally as the real opening function of each year's motor season in the competition world. But, as this Rally will take place in 1933, there is plenty of time to make up one's mind in regard to participating in this enjoyable run to sunshine from the fogs of February in London. For the benefit of those who may like to join the happy throng, the new rules are rightly giving the greatest number of marks to the competitors starting from

the more distant places. The scheduled touring speed is to be kept up to 40 kilometres per hour, and one point will be lost if the competitor is late in arriving at any of the numerous controls. Thus cars starting from Athens and arriving up to schedule time receive 1000 points; those from Tallin, 950 points; Bucharest, 920; Stavanger, 880; John o' Groats, 820; Valencia, 800; and Palermo, 692 points. The final test, which is only included to avoid any dead-heats on the scheduled run, will be an acceleration test, timed over 100 metres, and a brake stop, the two results being co-related by a formula. As usual, there are the two classes: (1) for cars over 1500 c.c., and (2) for cars under 1500 c.c. All the intermediary controls will remain open for six hours, as specified in the rules in regard to actual time. The John o' Groats route to Monte Carlo has been lengthened by including Aberdeen, Harrogate, Glasgow, London, Le Mans, Nantes, Bordeaux, and Toulouse in the journey, which gives a total distance of 3160 kilometres, an additional 204 kilometres over last year's route.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OVER THE PAGE,"
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THIS revised version of the ill-fated "Fanfare" is a great improvement, but it is still lacking in humour. The original idea, that of every scene illustrating a page in a magazine, has been scrapped, and instead the revue opens with the threadbare notion of an author, striving for plot and passion, being overwhelmed by the ubiquitous chorus. Mr. George Gee, the new comedian, does wonders with some not very wonderful material. Mr. Gee is not one of your subtle comedians; when he makes what passes for a joke, he does not glide slyly by, leaving it to your sense of humour to perceive. No, Mr. Gee underlines it with pursed lips and bolting eyes. Mr. Gee takes the art of fun-making very seriously; and very successfully, it must be admitted, if you like his somewhat strenuous brand of humour. For those who prefer subtlety, there is Mr. Reginald Gardiner, enticed from the legitimate stage to perform some "parlour tricks," and to make the hit of the evening. Mr. Gardiner's imitation of the noises made by a train while on a journey to Birmingham is a gem of observation and humour. So funny, too, is his imitation in dumb show of a certain black-faced trumpeter, Mr. Louis

(Continued overleaf.)

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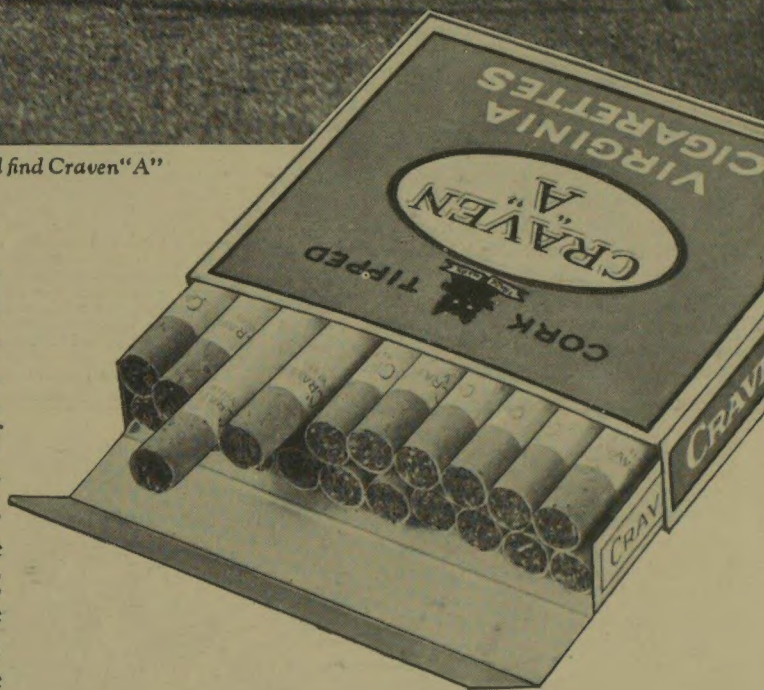
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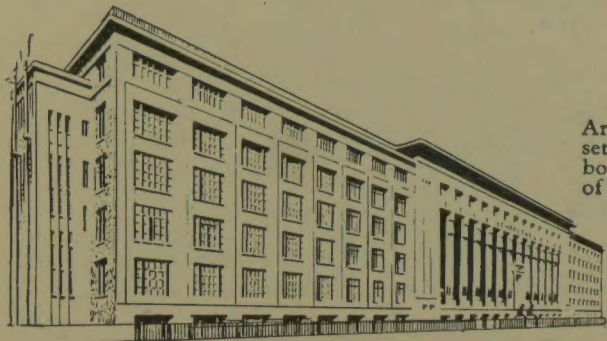
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Continued.]

Armstrong, that it is not necessary to have seen the original to enjoy it. Miss Violet Loraine is again at the top of her form, and June dances gracefully.

"NIGHT OF THE GARTER," AT THE STRAND.

This is one of the wildest of irresponsible farces, but, thanks to a perfect production and Mr. Sydney Howard, the funniest of recent years. Quite why a young man followed a bride on her honeymoon to retrieve a garter he had given her before his own marriage is not easy to explain. A three-halfpenny stamp would have sent it through the post, and saved a lot of bother. But then we should have lost a lot of laughs. So three young couples chased each other in and out of bed-rooms, hid in barrels, secreted themselves in coaches, concealed themselves in corn-bins, and buried themselves in hay, to the bewilderment of Mr. Sydney Howard's butler, who imagined himself in a haunted house, but to the great joy of the audience. Messrs. Leslie Henson and Austin Melford, the producers, have done their work admirably. The hesitation of a split second would be fatal when most of the humour depends on characters dashing in and out of doors, crying, "Good heavens, my wife!" Amidst all this whirlpool of commotion, Mr. Howard stands a rock-like figure. He never bustles. When he moves, it is with the deliberate dignity of an elderly elephant suffering from foot trouble. Nothing funnier has been seen on the stage for a long time.

"RHYME AND RHYTHM," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

This is an ideal entertainment for those on a seaside holiday, and, as most playgoers visit the theatre in a holiday mood, the distance that the Winter Garden Theatre is from the sea may matter little. The production has pace; it moves along at lightning speed, and an attractive chorus augments the efforts of a stage band in filling up the intervals between each individual turn. Most of the sketches, while amusing enough, are merely variations of old smoking-room stories. But there is one that seems to be fresh: the situation of a man, in the presence of his wife, making an appointment over the telephone with a lady friend, in business-like phraseology. The sketch concerning a lunatic is in poor taste, and should be deleted. Miss Phyllis Monkman has considerable gifts as a character

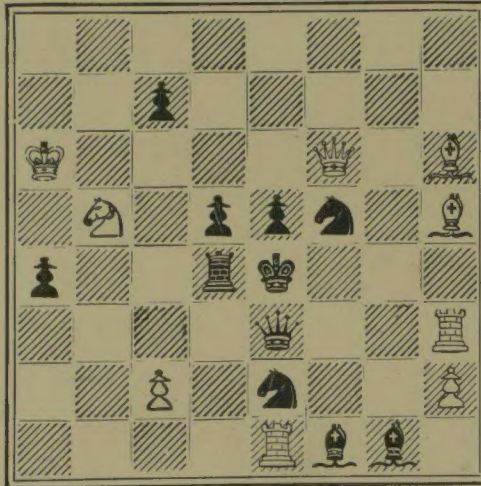
comédienne, but she is inclined to over-act. A trifle more restraint would add to the humour of her performance. Mr. Laddie Cliff gets a good many laughs, whether as a coffee-stall keeper, a club man, or clergyman at a prize-giving. A young man named James Croome danced smartly.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4097. By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).
BLACK (11 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8; 2p5; K4QrB; i8rpp5B; p2rk3; 4q2R; 2Pis2P; 4Rbbr.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPION ENJOYS HIMSELF.

In the British championship, played at Whiteley's under a blazing sun, and surrounded by a full symphony orchestra of road-breakers, Mir Sultan Khan regained the crown after a close finish with young C. H. O'D. Alexander. We congratulate the Indian master, who, if blessed with a little luck, produced some strong and sound chess, especially in the end games. The ex-champion, F. D. Yates, probably found the heat and noise a little too much for him, and faded away after a good start. We hoped to see the Scottish champion in kilt and sporran, but this pleasure was denied. We feel sure this would have given him atmospheric support in his last-round struggle with Sultan Khan, in which, though a pawn up in the ending, he could only manage a draw. Here is his game against Alexander the elder, accompanied by "The British Grenadiers," played by 120 pneumatic drills.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE. (W. A. Fair- hurst).	BLACK. (F. F. L. Alex- ander).	WHITE. (W. A. Fair- hurst).	BLACK. (F. F. L. Alex- ander).
1. P Q4	Kt KB3	his options, and sets him up for a second target.	
2. Kt KB3	PK3	17. Kt KB3	
3. PB4	BKt5ch	18. P x Kt	Kt x QP
4. B Q2	B x Bch	... R x P and B x P are no better.	
5. QKt x B	P Q4	19. PK5	
... A little bold or Alexan- drine.	QKt Q2	Threatening the second Knight with the same fate as the first.	
6. PK3	PB3	19. QKt	
7. QB2	Castles	20. Kt Kt5	Kt Br
8. B Q3		... If Black opens the other diagonal by 20. PKt3, there follows: 21. PK6, Kt Br; 22. QB3ch, Kt Br; 23. Kt B7!!	
9. Castles (Q)		21. BB7	
Hercules prepares to swing his club.	RK1	A lovely little move. The pneumatic drills now begin to give Black a headache.	
9. PK4	P x BP	21. R x B	
Vainly endeavouring to protect his middle.		22. RQ8	R x P
11. Kt x P	PK4	This, of course, is futile, but Q x R, 23. Kt x Rch is equally sterile, and other Q moves allow the pretty mate by Q x P.	
12. P x P	Kt Kt5	23. Q x R	
13. Kt Q6	RB1	and Black catches the first trifling back to Macedonia.	
14. Kt x BP	R x Kt		
15. PK6	RK2		
16. BB4	KR1		
17. PKR3			

LASKER'S "CHESS MANUAL." (Printing-Craft; 12s. 6d.)—This magnificent work, the best chess-book we have ever read, deserves more space than we can give it this week.

"EVERY GAME CHECKMATE." (Frank Hollins; 7, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.)—Hundreds of chess-players who know and treasure Douglas's little book bearing this title will hasten to send half-a-crown for the new series (containing 101 games, with diagrams of the positions leading to mate), by W. H. Watts and P. Hereford. The compilers have made a first-class selection from modern play, and it will be found interesting to compare the post-war methods with the coups of the older masters, albeit the best finish of the 101 is by one Wilhelm Steinitz!

Our readers will doubtless be interested to learn details of an important forthcoming sale, that of the contents of 24, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., which is fixed for Monday, Sept. 12, and the two following days. The first day's sale will include about 9000 yards of furnishing fabrics in exclusive designs. On the second and third days will come under the hammer the English and foreign antique furniture. This includes a fine Chippendale mahogany bureau-bookcase, chairs and settees in the Stuart, Queen Anne, Chippendale, and Sheraton styles, and many other treasures. The public view is to take place to-day (Saturday, Sept. 10). The sale is being conducted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 20, St. James's Square, S.W.1, and Mr. A. R. Peacey, of 176, Park St., Regent's Park.



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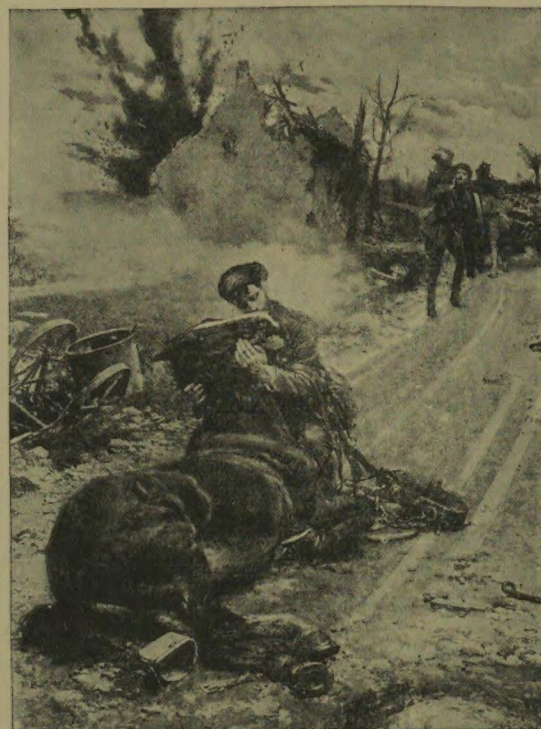
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FORTUNINO MATANIA'S FAMOUS PICTURE "GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"



"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN."

An incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders. In response to many requests a reprint of this striking picture has now been made in photogravure. Size of picture, 11 1/2 by 17 1/4, on plate sunk mount 15 1/2 by 22. Copies can now be had, price 5/- each. Copies signed by artist, 10/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

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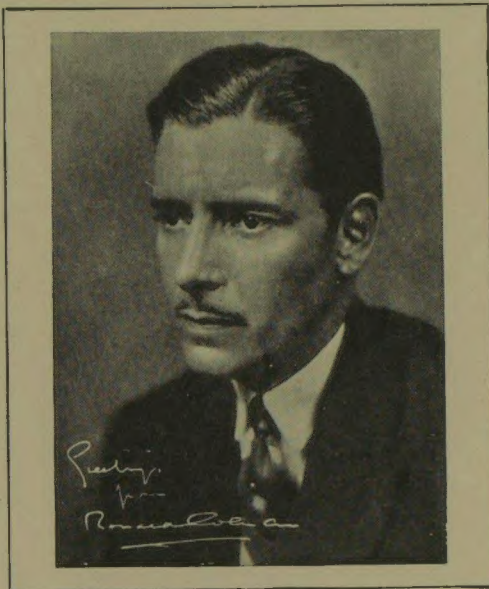
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What's in "BRITANNIA" this month?

More than ever as the days grow shorter

"This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than



*This beautiful signed
portrait of
RONALD
COLMAN
GIVEN AWAY
with this issue*

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: "September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . ."

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver it

he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . ."

In "MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN"
by Margery Sharp.

A pretty girl and a man—go-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.

YOU MUST READ IT.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAMNED"
by C. Patrick Thompson

"STUDY THE STARS AND DRESS YOUR LINE" by M. O. Peak

"ORANGES AND LEMONS" by Julian Fitzgerald

"A QUARTETTE IN TWO SUITES" by Peter Blundell

"THE LAST OF THE MATADORS" by Ferdinand Tuohy

"FLESHPOTS" by Lady Troubridge

"TRAINING THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE" by Joan Woolcombe

"MARRIAGE" by Gilbert Frankau

"THE SAFEST TRAVEL ON EARTH" by G. A. Field

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.I.

"MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN" by Margery Sharp

"I MEAN TO BE COMFORTABLE THIS WINTER" by Winifred Lewis

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer

"BIG BUSINESS." No. 8—THE HOUSE OF GUINNESS by Gordon Beckles

"THAT'S LIFE OLD HORSE" by Frank E. Verney

"HAVE THE TALKIES ANYTHING TO SAY?" by Sydney Tremayne

"COMMON COMPLAINTS" by Winifred Lewis

BEAUTY CULTURE: by "Chrysis"

A KNITTED TWO-PIECE SUIT

"BOTTLING FRUIT AT NO EXPENSE" by Cyril Grange, F.R.H.S.

"AN EMERGENCY DINNER FOR FOUR" by A. H. Adair

"THE BEGINNING AND END OF A MEAL" by A. H. Adair

"A FLAT IN AUDLEY HOUSE" by Pamela Murray

"FASHION FORECAST" by Madge Garland

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.



“Ah! I begin to see daylight”

Lord Bob: “It’s very good of you to explain, but I’m afraid I’m rather dense; even now I don’t understand the point.”

Sir Edward: “Hang it all, man, it’s as plain as a pikestaff. The ‘Tote’ returned ‘Arctic Star’ at 80/1.”

Lord Bob: “That’s indisputable.”

Sir Edward: “But suppose you were racing that day and invested a tenner on it; then what price do you think you would have been paid?”

Lord Bob: “80/1, I presume.”

Sir Edward: “Nonsense; another tenner on ‘Arctic Star’ on the ‘Tote’ would have reduced the odds by over 50%; there was only a few pounds on it.”

Lord Bob: “Ah! I begin to see daylight. You mean that the more money there is on a winner the shorter the odds?”

Sir Edward: “Exactly; but if you had wired the tenner to ‘Duggie’ you wouldn’t have altered the odds and would have been paid £800, and a further £40, representing 5%.”

Lord Bob: “Why on earth should ‘Duggie’ do all that?”

Sir Edward: “Because he accepts ‘Tote’ commissions at full ‘Tote’ prices, plus 5%, and as he doesn’t send the money back to the machine you get longer odds.”

Lord Bob: “Good Lord, man, what an eye-opener! It shows how very much better it is to do it with ‘Duggie’ every time.”

Sir Edward: “Precisely; that’s what makes me so enthusiastic.”

Follow Sir Edward’s advice—
Write a personal note to
“Duggie” now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

“Stuart House,” Shaftesbury Avenue, London.